

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability; to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXXI.

JULY, 1901.

No. 3.

THE BALCONY SCENE IN ROMANTIC DRAMA.

BY FRANK C. DRAKE.

I WAS going to say that there was no accounting for what we call romance, as such, because if an episode were not unaccountable it would lack the prime factor of the romantic. But upon reflection I am persuaded that the romance of at least the "balcony scene," enduring as it does through countless generations of youths who, all untaught, have sighed and sung beneath my lady's window, must surely rest upon a foundation of reason and philosophy.

It is not unlikely that, like most things, it started with the ancestral ape. It is easy to picture the scene when the object of his simian affections, coyly seeking to compromise with propriety, parleyed with him from the sanctuary of a tree-top; and, as a token of

her answering heart—or of her coquetry—threw him a cocoanut. The balcony scene must have begun in some such way; it must be instinctive and inherited, because

romance is quite as elemental in its appeal to us as the balcony scene is peculiar to the romantic drama. It is not essential to it in the sense that a humorous play must have a convenient screen or a closet in which one or more of the characters may secrete themselves when the plot needs complication; nor is it so inevitable as the drinking-song of comic and



Photograph by Eyron.

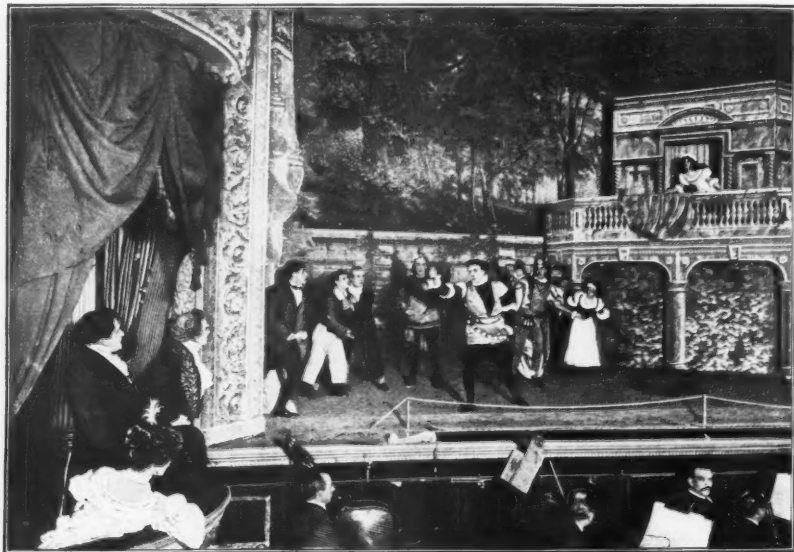
BLANCHE BATES AND JAMES O'NEILL IN "THE MUSKETEERS."

other opera, the "searching the house" scene of melodrama or the snowstorm of the New England play. But it has certainly come in these days to be a useful institution in the drama of costume and the ready sword.

Copyright, 1901, by COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE COMPANY.

One may say that up-to-date romance is out of date. To be the hero of a balcony scene, at least one of two things is demanded. One must wear the garb of picturesque antiquity or, failing in that, one must carry a sword. It is a choice of costume or custom. If you wear the ancient clothes, you may, if you like, omit the sword, because the audience will take it for granted you have one at the castle; but if you choose to be a modern Romeo, you must still take the point of view, act according to the ethics, and transfer to the present day at least one robust custom of

tribute to this loveliest of love-scenes. Nothing more can be said which is not an impertinence. "Whatever," says Schlegel, "is most intoxicating in the odor of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose," is summed up in this matchless gem of dramatic writing. For myself, I love the coquetry of this episode; for after all, the coquetry saves it from being in some degree maudlin. Both lovers have grown verbally hysterical in their exchange of compliments, and Juliet has told Romeo that she gave her heart to him



Photograph by Byron.

GERTRUDE AND CHARLES COGHAN IN "THE ROYAL BOX."

the ancients—you must have your sword in evidence. Indeed, you may rack your memory but I challenge you to point out a single balcony scene in which the hero wears neither cloak, weapon nor brass buttons. You see, the balcony scene is to the stage what the sonnet is to poetry; it is a lovely but arbitrary form, to be employed reverently and only by those writers who can live up to its traditions.

Of course, the standard of these traditions is the scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Three centuries of commentators have ravished the language for words fit to pay

before he had requested it; then she baits her hook by adding, "And yet I would it were to give again."

"Wouldst thou withdraw it?" demands Romeo, and thus with a fresh start Juliet can reply, "But to be frank and give it thee again." Then, the nurse calling her, she leaves the balcony, pausing, however, to whisper down to Romeo, "Stay but a little. I will come again." And back she comes. Again the nurse interrupts, and again Juliet retires, bidding her lover "a thousand times good-night!" Hardly has Romeo started to walk away when again he



Photograph by Byron.

MAUD ADAMS AND WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

hears from the balcony the voice of Miss Capulet, "Hist! Romeo! hist!"

"My dear?" he inquires, with some curiosity, to which the lady falteringly responds (and this is the master-touch of the interview, I think), "I have forgot why I did call thee back." Then follows the lovely twaddle:

"*Romeo*: Let me stand here till thou remember it.

"*Juliet*: I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Remembering how I love thy company.

"*Romeo*: And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget.

Forgetting any other home but this."

The odor of spring, the song of the nightingale and the opening of the rose are well, but this sort of fond fooling is for me the salt of the whole dish.

It took more than two hundred years for the development of a man who could compose a balcony scene in any sense rivaling Shakespeare's. Mr. Rostand's achievement in the third act of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" does, in fact, go a step farther than the master in many respects. It is more germane to the action of the play, more ingenious, more dramatic, more moving



Photograph by Byron.

EDITH BARKER AND CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN "GARRETT O'MAGH."

throughout. Romeo never spoke more beautifully than this, for example:

"I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle!
Thy name is in my heart as in a sheep-bell,
And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee,
Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name riugeth."

Or this:

"Have words of mine the power
To make you tremble—throued there in the
branches?

Aye, like a leaf among the leaves, you tremble!
You tremble! For I feel—an if you will it,
Or will it not—your hand's beloved trembling
Thrill through the branches down your sprays of
jasmine!"

Here Cyrano kisses passionately one of the hanging tendrils. The only element the scene lacks (or the play, either, for that matter,) is truth. Rostand himself in this very scene makes Roxane ask, "But wit? But wit? I say—" to which Cyrano replies:

"In love, 'tis crime—'tis hateful!
Turning frank loving into subtle fencing!"

And yet that is what Rostand's lack of humor leads him into doing from beginning to end. He makes Roxane's love for Christian depend upon his supposed

ability to make "smart" speeches to her—a condition which not the brightest woman who ever lived could place upon the winning of her heart. He makes the man who loves her try his best to make her love the other man, which is totally and grotesquely absurd. And he tries to make this effort seem virtuous, when it is profoundly immoral.

Apart from this, much as one is moved to admiration of Rostand's exquisite lines and "clever fencing" with words,

ing at artificial surroundings, makes us at times take delightedly to the primeval woods, so in the theater the child-heart welcomes an escape from subtleties. "From cleverness, smartness, epigrams and all the vanities of dramatic art," it cries, "good Lord deliver us!" But it finds all of these things in Rostand's play. And so, while the balcony scene in "Cyrano" ranks second, doubtless, to that in "Romeo," it is only by reason of its technique, for truth and the simplicity which appeals of



Photograph by Byron.

JULIA MARLOWE AND ROBERT TABER IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

and the involved situation of this episode of the balcony, one still misses something from the scene. Rather, perhaps something has been added which one does not welcome to the romance of it. I have remarked that romance is elemental in its appeal to us; we like it because its motives are simple, its passions ingenuous, its virtues and its vices free of puzzling mutual alliances. We like it because the simplicity of the childhood of the race is still within us; and, as the old instinct, revolt-

itself to the heart are lacking. But, perhaps, to the average Gallic mind a perfect technique is sufficient.

It is surprising to note in how many of the lately successful plays the balcony scene has been employed. It seems to have a strange fascination for the playwright. Even so persistent a realist in effort as Mr. Fitch could not resist it in "Barbara Frietchie." And in spite of the modernity of the play, it is all there, "Romeo and Juliet" up to—well, up to

1864; there is the feud, the Southern girl and the Northern man, the defiance of family prejudice, the compact of love, the throwing down of a flower to the lover, and even a Friar Laurence in the shape of the country parson in the next village. And I have always admired the touch of tragic destiny which, at the last, enacts the death of Barbara on this same balcony.

I said I liked the coquetry of Shakespeare's scene better than the passion of it; it is possible to have this preference because the two are never confused in the utterances of Romeo and Juliet. But if you like your coquetry and your passion mixed as irrevocably as the cream in your coffee, or as the Irish metaphor you will hear, you must witness the balcony scene in Chauncey Olcott's "Garrett O'Magh."

There isn't a suggestion of a sigh for the unattainable from the beginning to the end of this charming Irish romance. It is the most optimistic love scene that ever was written. Garrett is such a broth of a boy, and is so sure of the lady, that he even winks confidentially at the audience as if to say, "Watch me divil the darlin' a bit—ho, ho!" And she is so sure of him that she takes his "divilment" in the greatest humor and throws it back with

some of her own to boot; so that the dialogue is a sort of rollicking pillow-fight. And it is clever, and so Irish! Jocular in its passion, passionate only in its mischief!

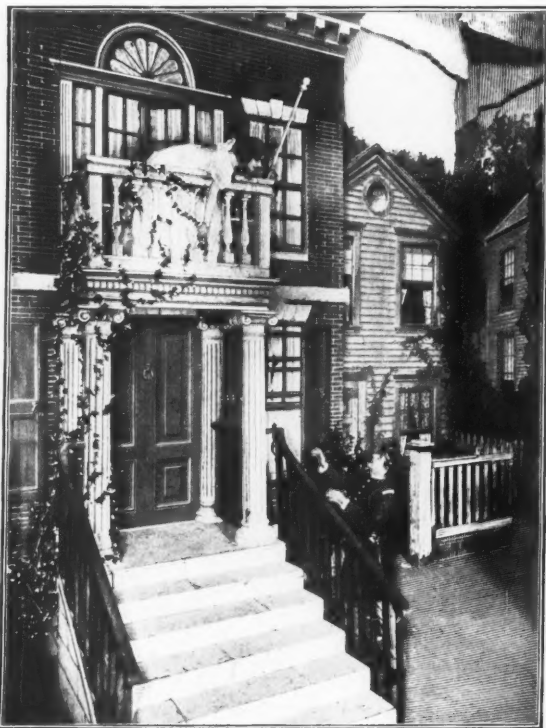
This glance at balcony scenes would be incomplete without referring to that enacted by Miss Blanche Bates and Mr. James O'Neill in the latter's version of "The Musketeers." Here, too, the balcony has

its inevitable effect—a love scene. Indeed, even the usually ruthless burlesque which has pulled down so many dramatic idols has left the balcony scene unharmed, and in vaudeville also the balcony calls forth a song whose motif is love rather than the familiar jocular ballad.

Miss Henrietta Crossman and Mr. Boucicault in "Mistress Nell" also make use of the balcony in the pretty scene where King Charles comesto keep

his lover's tryst with Nell Gwynn.

I speak here of the performers rather than of the dramatic or literary merits of the scenes, because the latter could neither make nor mar either play, and I mention them only to show the unwithered charm of the old device; it is the one time-honored episode of the stage whose peculiar grace, like that of the minuet, can never be anything but a joy.



Photograph by Byron.

JULIA MARLOWE AND G. H. GILMORE IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

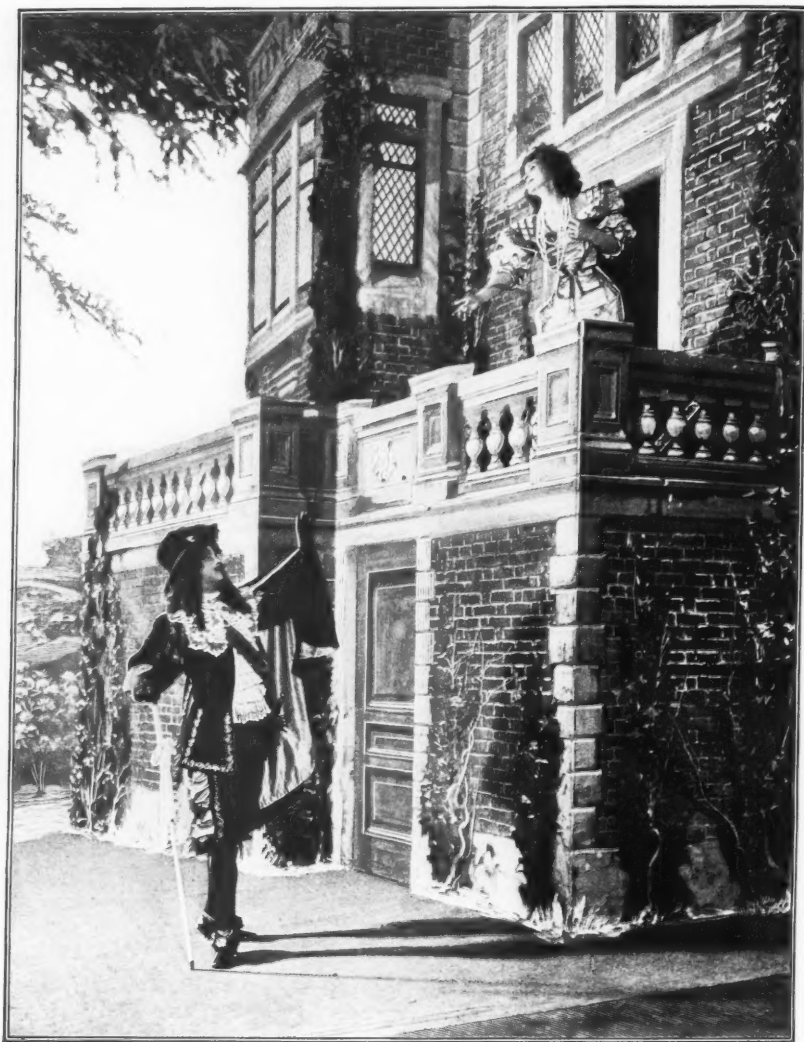


Photograph by Byron.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND CONSTANT COQUELIN IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

To show the thralldom in which the poetry of the greatest of balcony scenes holds an audience, one needs only to recall the lamented Charles Coghlan's employment of it in "The Royal Box." It will be remembered that he devised a situation for this play in which the hero, an actor, is discovered in the rôle of Romeo speaking the lines of the balcony scene—a play within a play—while some of the char-

acters, among them one he hates, are watching him from a proscenium box. The action of the play requires the hero to lose his self-control at sight of his enemy, to stop short in his lines as Romeo and to denounce the villain from the stage. Now "The Royal Box" is a strong play and this happens at its moment of greatest suspense; but after Mr. Coghlan spoke the first few words of Shakespeare one forgot



Photograph by Byron.

HENRIETTA CROSSMAN AND AUBREY BOUCAULT IN "MISTRESS NELL."

the tension of the main play in the poetry of the other and wished that the rest might be the rest of "Romeo and Juliet." One felt a positive sense of resentment when the beautiful lines were cut short and would willingly have let the story of

"The Royal Box" remain unfinished. It was because, while the plot which borrowed the poet's words was ingenious in a high degree, the words themselves, reaching beyond our curiosity, touched the ineffable mystery of our affections.



A HOUSEBOAT—THE MODERN PALACE.

BY DOROTHY RICHARDSON.

WILD, wandering gipsy under the greenwood shade is not more care-free than the law-abiding, matter-of-fact American citizen who lays him down to sleep in his own houseboat. He is the water nomad—the houseboatman. He does not cast anchor for long in one haven, however beautiful that haven may be. His is the gospel of drift. He is here at sunrise, but he hasn't the faintest idea in the world on what unfamiliar shore his craft may be moored before the edge of the moon peeps above the watery horizon. For just so soon as the water gipsy has drunk his fill of the beauties and pleasures of one scene, he weighs anchor, unties the rope, puts his shoulder to the long sweep and with a hearty will pushes his floating habitation where fancy or caprice beckons, or he may allow it to drift with the current until it finds a resting-place on some peaceful strand.

He is a novice yet in houseboating, this plain, matter-of-fact American citizen, and is only now awaking to the possibilities which our coasts and inland lakes, canals and rivers, offer for this pleasure. The first American houseboat worthy of the name is that which was built for Mr. Pierre Lorillard some few years ago. It was towed along the east coast of Florida,

in and out of the long land-locked lagoons, until it entered the Indian River, where it found an anchorage.

The black ship of a bloodthirsty pirate could hardly have created more excitement, and certainly would not have aroused so much curiosity as this strange little craft, this "house built on a boat," this "gipsy wagon on a raft," as it was variously and facetiously dubbed. It had not ceased to be a seven days' wonder when there was anchored alongside of it one day another similar-looking vessel, which proved to be, not a houseboat, as was first supposed, but a stableboat filled with thoroughbreds.

The idea at once became an inspiration, and each succeeding winter has found more and more of these craft in Southern waters, until they have now ceased to be regarded as a curiosity, but are rather claiming that interested and intelligent attention which is their due as the most important forthcoming pleasure institution.

Houseboating has been an aristocratic English institution for more than a hundred years. But the idea is older even than that. The houseboat in crude form has existed almost as long as civilization itself. Marco Polo found it in China, and millions of the population of Burmah and India are born, live and die in floating habitations

which closely resemble the thatched huts of their landmen brothers.

The houseboat as we see it in the South coast waters to-day—the square-cornered, slow-moving craft, which it must be confessed is not always a thing of beauty, though undeniably a joy forever—first made its appearance in the River Thames. Here the primitive, self-preservative instinct of the flood-ridden Burmese coolie and the Hindoo pariah has developed into the luxury of princes and nobles. The houseboat is to-day one of the most permanent and important institutions of fashionable English life. It is a concomitant part of the social machinery of Mayfair, as important a factor indeed to the pleasure-lov-

house, or rather open houseboat. It is no unpretentious entertaining that the Britisher does in his floating residence during Henley Week. His great retinue of servants is there in full force—butlers and footmen and grooms. There are elaborate dinner-parties in the long, gorgeously furnished saloon. There is music in the spacious drawing-rooms. On deck the beaux and belles of the empire step through the mazes of the cotillion, or wander through those tropic gardens which give the boat the appearance of a vast floating island to beholders on the shores.

The houseboat as a pleasure-craft has many advantages over any other style of vessel. The most important considerations

are those of cost and of danger, either of which, as compared with the like on the steam-yacht, is infinitesimally small. Only the millionaire, and multimillionaire at that, can afford the extravagance of a well-appointed and properly manned steam-yacht, and in no other kind is it safe to venture out to open sea. Unlike the yachtsman, the houseboatman is not at the mercy of a crew. He is his own



A SMALL HOUSEBOAT ON THE TOMOKA RIVER.

ing Britisher as is his great house in Portman Square, or his ancestral country-seat, or his hunting-lodge in Scotland, or his yacht off Cowes.

Considering the unrivaled opportunities which America offers, both on the coast and in inland lakes and streams, for this form of pleasure, it seems remarkable that there should not yet be one single houseboat to compare with the palatial floating structures with which the shores of the upper Thames are literally lined during Henley Week. On the occasion of the annual regatta it seems as if all London had come up to live on houseboats. It is the world of fashion on water. It is the portable Venice.

My Lord and Lady, his Grace the Duke, and her Serene Highness, all keep open

captain and his own navigator, and if needs be, his own cook. He is the most independent man on the face of the waters. His stanch little houseboat can push in where the most trustworthy yacht could not and would not dare to venture.

The most beautiful waters in America are inaccessible to the ocean-going yacht, be it steam or sailing. The long, shallow bays and lagoons, land-locked by the keys of shifting sands, are strangers to all but the fishermen with their flat-bottomed punts. The yachtsman casts a longing eye at the labyrinth of bays, inlets and bayous, whose glassy waters are shadowed by primeval foliage. He knows that these waters are full of fish. The banks invite exploration, but his experienced eye, as



A CANADIAN HOUSEBOAT.

well as his chart, shows that there is no depth of water sufficient for the passage of his deep-laden craft. On the approach of a sudden storm these natural havens of shelter become a menace to the average yachtsman.

Not so to the owner of a houseboat. He can sail on any waters that will support the drifting wreckage of the sea. He is careless of the changing of the tides. When the waters recede, his boat reposes on an even keel, and he can dig clams or pursue the playful crab until the deep respiration of the sea sends the incoming tide over sand and shoal. The panorama of the endless shores of old ocean can be

examined at leisure by the scenic pirate who owns a modern houseboat.

Great numbers of cheaply constructed houseboats are now anchored along the Indian River and in the near-by lagoons. Some of them represent an outlay of about five hundred dollars, while others will run up into the thousands and are as spacious and quite as luxurious in appointment as the brownstone house in town.

I have in mind one of these houseboats which I will describe. It belongs to two energetic young Yankee women, of small fortune but fertile resources of brain. These girls, who have been obliged to spend their winters in Florida for the past ten

years, owing to the ill health of the elder sister. For eight years they were obliged to put up with the more or less uncomfortable quarters to be obtained in the second- or third-rate boarding-house. One day the houseboat idea suggested itself. A fifty-foot scow was offered for sale in a neighboring shipyard. It was an old tub, and was leaking badly, but in its day had been a stout craft. They bought it for fifty dollars and spent another twenty-five dollars in repairs. A contractor agreed to build them a three-room cabin on top of the flat hull for two hundred dollars. The specifications for the structure were:—

The sides were to be built flush with the sides of the scow. The boat was to extend three feet aft of the rear-end elevation and seven feet forward. The forty feet remaining for house purposes was divided into three

compartments, each of which measured twelve feet deep. The ten feet nearest the bow of the vessel was partitioned off for a galley or kitchen, the middle room served as a bed-chamber, and the room aft made a

cheerful sitting- and dining-room combined. The contract provided for a stout railing to run around the flat roof, or deck. It also called for awning-poles and a flagstaff to be erected thereon, as well as a companionway leading from the "roof-garden," or upper deck, down to the forward deck, or "front porch," as those features of nautical architecture were termed by the matter-of-fact landwomen.

The boat completed and ready for occupancy thus cost exactly two hundred and seventy-five dollars. To this add another hundred dollars which was expended for light, simple furniture, and for two heavy anchors, and you have the total cost of one of the most picturesque and withal com-

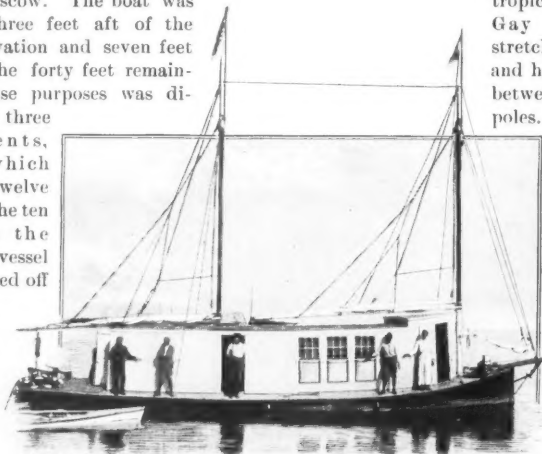
fortable houseboats to be found on the Indian River.

Five months of the year are spent by these young women on board this quaint vessel, and in it they have traversed the Florida coast from St. Augustine to the Keys, stopping a week here and a week there, now anchored in the shade of a cypress-forest, now drifting past mile after mile of deep, verdant savannas, now lying on quiet shoals in the delicate perfume wafted from orange-groves and magnolia-gardens.

One of the most delightful features of the vessel just described is the roof-garden on deck. Here plants and flowers grow in

tropical profusion. Gay awnings are stretched overhead and hammocks strung between the awning-poles. The deck-

garden is the houseboat-man's paradise. Here happy people read or write or sew by day, and sing songs and play the guitar and mandolin and tell stories in the soft Southern winter night under the stars.



A FLOATING PHOTOGRAPH-GALLERY ON THE INDIAN RIVER.

The more venturesome of the houseboat-men, when they have grown weary of the quiet of the sluggish lagoon, trail out into the ocean and thence to Lake Worth and into Biscayne Bay, through the Cards Sound and along the tropic shores of Key Largo; drifting in and out of the intricate maze of the upper Florida Keys; skirting the fringe of the untrodden Mangrove Swamp; rounding Northwest Cape and floating into the White River Bay, and from there right into the heart of the Everglades.

A floating photograph-gallery and a floating dental office are well patronized by the houseboat residents, as well as by winter colonists on land. For next season there is promised a migratory dressmaking and



ON THE KOOTENAY RIVER.

millinery establishment, as well as a manicure and hairdressing parlor.

But the Florida coast is not the only region in the United States which offers itself to the houseboat enthusiast. Within twenty-five miles of the New York City Hall there is ten times the extent of coastline available for houseboating that exists in the vicinity of any other great capital, not excepting "dear old Lunnun" herself and her vaunted Thames. The New Yorker can sail out of the bay in his cozy houseboat and find pleasant waters and peaceful havens all along the Connecticut coast and north shore of Long Island as far as Sag Harbor. He may creep as far north as Minas Basin and the Grand Pré of Nova Scotia, or even to Belle Isle and the east coast of Labrador. Or, he can traverse the Hudson its entire length, cut through the canal to Lake Champlain, and thence to Montreal and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

The perfecting of the small and inexpensive type of engine with gasoline or naphtha as its generating power has been due to the

pressing necessities of the automobile. As a result, the owner or prospective owner of the houseboat finds the problem of power already solved. The compact little engines which so swiftly propel the various types of automobiles are of sufficient power to give speed to the ordinary houseboat. There is no waste of power. Sufficient gasoline can be safely stored in bulkheads at the forward end of the boat to last for an extended cruise, and there is no risk worthy of consideration. Like the sailing yachtsman, the houseboatman is the willing victim of the changing water and the capricious winds. He asks for but enough power to combat with the ordinary marine obstacles, in his search for new and untrodden pathways and the virgin beauties of nature.

To the true lover of nature in her calm

and quiet moods there is nothing more picturesque than some canals of the United States. Perhaps the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as it follows the Potomac River from Washington to Cumberland is as grand in scenery as any. The ragged crags of the Point of



THE DECK OF AN INDIAN RIVER HOUSEBOAT.

Rocks, the massy grandeur of Maryland Heights, the superb beauties of Harper's Ferry, where the waters of the Shenandoah meet the Potomac on its way to the sea, are but a few of the glories along the line of this historic canal. A mule is the best motive-power on a canal, for the swash from a propeller wears down the strongest banks.

On this canal the jaded man of business can spend a week or ten days gliding almost imperceptibly, parallel with one of the grandest rivers in the world, sleeping in commodious apartments, breathing the pure air of the mountains and absorbing the beauties of a prodigal nature.

The waters around New York will in the near future have their villages of houseboats. Permanent places of anchorage can be

streams within the boundaries of the United States that are especially adapted for houseboats. The increased popularity of water sports during recent years has led to the building and equipment of a number of handsome ones on the great inland waters of British Columbia. A small fleet of such craft was constructed and launched on the Kootenay Lake and River, of that province, by an enterprising railroad company. The boats are rented to tourists attracted to the region by its shooting and fishing facilities.

The most magnificent modern houseboat ever built was that constructed for the late Czar of Russia by a firm of Clyde shipbuilders. It was literally a floating palace, large enough to entertain a hundred



HENLEY WEEK ON THE THAMES.

established in the island-dotted waters of the sound between Long Island and the mainland of New York and Connecticut.

It will probably be found feasible to establish various public utilities as these villages increase in size and importance. A system of street-lighting with electric lamps suspended from ornamental buoys could be maintained at small expense. A marine police could safeguard these houseboats against the depredations of river pirates. It would be an easy matter to establish telephone connections with the public houseboats or even with separate houseboats when they are at anchor. Similar luxuries and conveniences will naturally suggest themselves and exercise ingenuity and taste.

There are numberless inland lakes and

guests. Its decks were hanging gardens of tropic gorgeousness, and in the midst of these gardens silvery fountains shot up to dizzy heights, birds sang and bees hummed. The vessel was put in commission on the Black Sea for the private use of the imperial family.

The houseboat will become gradually the greatest factor in solving the problem of what to do with one's summer. It does away with the rent of a building site. Change of scene can be had without the discomfort of travel and packing. Wind and tide or a cheaply hired mule will bring your modern palace where you will. Health and comfort—the maximum luxury at the minimum cost—these the houseboat places within the reach of every one.

THE ART OF ELLEN TERRY.

BY BRAM STOKER.

THE place of Ellen Terry in the history of her art has been won by great gifts used with much skill and consistent effort. She has a power of pathos which passes beyond the bounds of art, and manifests itself as an endowment of especial excellence. The exercise of such a gift implies the existence of another quality—

sincerity; for though art may not enable a person naturally without power to achieve a high place within its range, the want of it can deny to any one the reaching of its highest point, and in art the truth is all in all. The pregnant phrase of Pope, "Nature to advantage dressed," is an epitome of its scope and limitations. For art is not of necessity creative; its etymology shows that

its purpose is rather to construct out of complete materials than to nucleate particles from the beginning. In fact, the word art, in its original meaning, "to join," shows that the artist is a joiner. An actor's work is both creative and artistic; but every expression of it given, beyond the first presentation, is of necessity

purely artistic. It is achieved by means of an organized effort, carried out with intention, self-guidance and restraint. Thus it is that what at times may seem a very whirlwind of passion, or an abyss of despair, is regulated and controlled by intention and by guiding principles as marked and definite as those which fix the bounds

of the work of the painter, or the sculptor, or the architect. As the actor deals with the complex and varying emotions of humanity, his material is of endless variety; but still, even as the shape of humanity is fixed within certain lines so that although individuals differ the type remains constant, so the work of the artist, although capable of an endless varying of expression, must remain



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MISS TERRY AS PORTIA.

within typical bounds. When this reticence is observed by an artist of any kind, his work is accepted critically as true and exercises on those to whom it appeals the power which only truth and sincerity can achieve. Ellen Terry's early training had much to do with the development of her nature in her art. Sprung



AS FAIR ROSAMUND.

ural emotion, or else the labor to both teacher and pupil is ineffective and evanescent. When she was very young, Ellen Terry made her appearance as Mamilus in "A Winter's Tale," with a tiny triumphal car as a toy. It would almost seem as if nature in a mood of prophecy had thus typified the honors of her afterlife.

In her earlier years she had a whole world of experience, and great artists like Mrs. Charles Kean took endless pains with her. Whilst Ellen was still a little girl, she and her elder sister Kate played as child-actresses with very considerable success. The experience thus gained in playing a range of parts otherwise impossible to her, served her in good stead later on in life; for though a child may not at the time understand to the full the words which it speaks or the emotions it may have to portray, the effect of the necessary study remains, and the fuller understanding comes with larger experience of life.

When as a very young woman Ellen Terry began to win her place with the public, her artistic charm seemed to have full scope and opportunity through her artistic training. She was not hampered at every turn by awkwardness incidental to a lack of knowledge of the differences of stage perspective compared with that of

ordinary life. For it must never be forgotten that on the stage the measure of things is different from that in use off it. In fact, for critical accuracy there should be a quantitative as well as a qualitative analysis of stage fare. In the glare of the footlights and amid the surroundings, both implied and actual, of stage effect, the painter's perspective is sharper than that taught in the schools, and the "vanishing-point" is closer to the beholder than it would be in a landscape. In a world where everything must be enlarged or intensified or concentrated to suit dramatic exigencies, ordinary conditions are out of place and do not seem true to nature. Every art has its own necessary conditions. Art is not to be real, it is to *seem* real; and although the

artist must understand the reality of things so that he may work to an ideal end, he must use the prototype as something to be represented rather than as something to be reproduced. In the mere matter of sound alone, the theater requires a greater force than is necessary elsewhere under conditions of seeming similarity: an actor therefore must



AS OPHELIA.



MISS TERRY AND SIR HENRY IRVING IN "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."



MISS TERRY AT THIRTY.

have a voice that can carry. Mere volume of voice is not sufficient; nor does it suffice that the method of speaking be cultured and natural. Both are necessary, if the deadening effect of a couple of thousand persons breathing in an opposite direction to the speaker is to be overcome. These mechanical difficulties must be mastered if success is to be achieved, and actors soon learn the limits of their physical powers. I do not know any better lesson for a young artist than to study Ellen Terry's method of delivery—such a speech as, for instance, Portia's "Quality of Mercy" in "The Merchant of Venice," or the little poem, "Rainbow, Stay," in Tennyson's "Becket." In each of these, every condition of truth and fineness is observed as perfectly as though speaker and auditor were alone in a drawing-room; but there is a power behind the expression which amplifies and intensifies it indefinitely. From the stage there is a surprising volume of sound—sound articulated, modulated, varied with every thought passing through the speaker's mind, but still sufficient to fill the vast expanse of a theater and penetrate to every corner of it, conveying all the while the minutest purpose of both the poet and his interpreter.

In every other way as well as with regard

to sound, the requirements of the stage necessitate an enlargement of ordinary methods; and with all these the skilled actor must be thoroughly acquainted. These things are not to be adequately learned in a day, or a month, or a year. "Art is long" and it is, or should be, patient; for the lessons of it are endless. The performer on the stage must be so familiar with its needs, especially where these differ from ordinary life, that given a sense of environment, he will instinctively fit himself to his surroundings; and to this end time, and practice, and repetition are necessary. The mere technique is endless. For we must remember that on the stage it is not sufficient that the work be done in the round, like that of a sculptor. Every action, every pose, every gesture, every movement, has to be fitted to a condition of things which makes only one side of



AN EARLY PORTRAIT.



AS QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA IN "CHARLES I."

them visible; the whole of the routine of life has to be adapted to the conditions of a framed picture which can be seen from only one point of view. On the stage, while an actor is visible at all, the part of his body which can be seen is alone able to convey its lesson to the spectator's eye. In the old days when candles and oil-lamps did what they could to dissipate the gloom of a great play-house, most of the actors, recognizing the fact that without light they were lost, tried to arrange themselves in a row down on the footlights and there by face and gesture convey their intentions to the audience. But time and science have changed all this, and now the actor while "on" has to be en évidence even though it be as a listener, or a sleeper, or a corpse; it is required of him that even at such times he shall be true to his part and do no violence to the essential conditions of these exemplifications of repose. When therefore we consider the extraordinary number and variety of conditions, sometimes antagonistic to natural surroundings, and sometimes differing from them in varying degrees, and when we remember that all these must be held in mind from first to last by the player so that he may be able to force home illusion to the minds of the audience by counterbalancing the restrictions under which he

works, we may get some idea of the manifold excellence of mind necessary for a great actor. Passion and coolness, purpose and premeditation, instinctive readiness to recognize and to conform to accidental conditions, all these are antecedent to success and entirely exclusive of those creative and mimetic powers which go to form the personal equipment necessary for success. Through all these difficulties and studied differences Ellen Terry has held perpetually before her eyes the great exemplar, nature, and each artistic end has been achieved by nature's methods.

The range of her parts has been very wide, and she has won success in many fields. When, as the Wandering Heir in Charles Reade's play founded on his story of the same name, she burst with all her charm upon the public, they thought that Peg Woffington had come again, for never had so winsome a girl become so fascinating a boy; and when later on she played Olivia in Wills's version of "The Vicar



AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."



Photograph by Byron.

MISS TERRY AND SIR HENRY IRVING IN "ROBESPIERRE."

of Wakefield," she carried the pathos of tragedy into the sublime. Those—and they are many—who have seen her in the third act, where Squire Thornhill unfolds to her the base story of his deception and her own betrayal, can never forget the ring of horrified amazement as she repeats the phrase, "The truth?" or the chastened tone of her despair as, after striking him on his endeavoring to embrace her, she sinks back in her seat with the wail of self-regretting anguish, "Lost—lost even my womanliness!" For this sweetness of disposition, even under terrible adversity, we are prepared from the outset of the play; the manifest sym-

pathy between father and daughter can come only from hearts bubbling with light and love.

In the course of her artistic life Ellen

Terry has played not only a great range of parts, but a great number of them, even exclusive of her early working years, when a young actor plays many parts of no special importance. It is by great work that an actor, or indeed any artist, is finally judged. When one person can play Lady Macbeth and Viola ("Twelfth Night"); Ophelia, Desdemona and Volunmia; Beatrice, Portia and Cordelia; Rosamund and Madame Sans-Gêne; Margaret, Nance Oldfield and Lucy Ashton,



AS FAIR ROSAMUND.



MISS TERRY AND HER SON, MR. GORDON CRAIG,
IN "THE DEAD HEART."

and can illuminate and adorn them one and all, each with its own suitable qualities and excellences, there can be no doubt as to her command of the resources of her art or as to the varying nature of her powers.

In some special characters she has made a place in art that is all her own—for instance, Iolanthe in "King René's Daughter" (rechristened "Iolanthe" in Wills's version) or Ellaline in Calmour's poetic play, "The Amber Heart." In the former of these, her portrayal of the blind girl is full of delicate beauty; every touch and turn and word, every gesture and movement, is simply incarnate grace and sweetness. In the latter, pathos is carried to its limit; the sorrows of loss and the joys of gaining are exemplified with a depth of feeling which has more force with the imagination or the reason than fairy romance or the most argumentative of problem plays.

It is, however, in plays abounding in life that Ellen Terry has most personal delight. Her own nature here answers most willingly to the calls of her art. Her Beatrice, for instance, is a creature of vitality in whose veins run, together with the red blood, special corpuscles of fun. "I was born in a merry hour," she says to

Don Pedro, and in almost every moment of her appearance during the play she makes her audience aware of the fact in a more eloquent way than by the speaking of Shakespeare's words. As should be in all good comedies, the effect of the fun or humor is brightened by a contrast, and a comedienne to be great must rise to the height of the larger emotions. In "Much Ado About Nothing" there is such a contrast, and this particular actress rises in it to a sublime height. The scene is where in the church her cousin is affronted by Claudio. Beatrice is full of generous rage at the baseness of the insult, and of pity for the young girl so wounded to the heart. Burning with passion and weeping with compassion, she strides about the stage railing at Claudio's conduct and upbraiding Benedick for his tardiness of revenge; till finally her "O that I were a man!" brings her bashful lover at once within the range of her love and her purpose of revenge. To see Ellen Terry play this scene is an enlightenment as to a woman's powers—of charm and passion, of pity and love, of cajolery and hate.

From "Much Ado About Nothing" to "Madame Sans-Gêne" is a far cry, and yet in both somewhat the same qualities are required. The age is different, the country is different—in fact, all the con-



MISS TERRY AND MRS. STIRLING IN "ROMEO AND
JULIET."

ditions of nationality, epoch, social quality, length of years, training and equipment are varied; and yet such is the expression of essential womanhood in both that the grouping of these two characters well serves to illustrate the truth of Kipling's quaint phrase,

"The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins!"

An instance of the way in which the acting of a play grows may be taken from Ellen Terry's playing in "Madame Sans-Gêne." At the first presentation of a play the characters are seldom so thoroughly elaborated as is afterward the case; familiarity with the part allows a competent actor to add to the minutiae, especially in such matters as belong to the differentia of the character. In the play in question, the washerwoman-Duchess is

having a lesson from a professor of the choreographic art. The business of the play requires her to be awkward in her attempts at dancing, and the actress is awkward—delightfully awkward, with an assumption of ungainliness which to a naturally graceful woman must mean study

and intention of no small degree. She has put on a long riding-habit in order to become accustomed to manipulate her court-train in the dance, and is so much troubled with it that finally she tucks it over her arm whilst she is learning how to take the steps.

The train keeps slipping off her arm and has to be perpetually replaced, and the episode is a cause of much boisterous amusement. For many nights, both in London and the provinces, this scene was given without any change except such small matters as are necessitated by the accidents of the moment.

One night in a great manufacturing city she was playing the part with even more than her usual verve. She was lost in the assumed character so thoroughly that it was real to her, and the ex-washerwoman, with her



AS LADY MACBETH.

mind harassed and worried by the trying conditions of her artificial court-life, instinctively returned to the habits of her youth. In a moment of abstraction, finding the fat coil of stuff across her arm, she instinctively began to *erring it out*. The response of the audience was elec-



AS CORDELIA.

been repeated. This instance will convey a better idea than perhaps would be done by a more important episode of the dominating truthfulness to nature of the character and instinct of the great actress.

Another instance, the latest, of her sincerity to nature is given in her acting of Volumnia in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Coriolanus." All great actors regulate their efforts so as to be consistent with their own personality; in an art of illusion it would be ridiculous to create unnecessary obstacles to the convincing of an audience.

Mrs. Siddons, for instance, who had quite other views as to the type of the character with which she had to deal, played Lady Macbeth as a dominating personality, ruling her husband with a rod of iron and compelling him to unwilling effort. She did this because she was of fine stature and commanding presence, with eyes that could blaze and features whose expression could be well seen even in the dim lighting of the play-house of a century ago. Her Volumnia, too, was of

trical; every woman—and man—who had ever seen a washtub recognized the sincerity of the action. This moment of creative instinct was recorded in the actor's mind, and the "business"—as in stage parlance anything is called which is not the words of the text—has ever since

the rugged, antique type, swaying her son's grim purposes with a larger dominance. Throughout she commanded so effectively that her stooping to beg justified the comments of her son. In this character her nature and her physique were at home; there was equal poise for both the actress and the woman. From the records, we can judge that the inflexibility of the Roman matron was conveyed by her very presence; and it is certain that at the time her method was effective. To her dark, imperial beauty, personal dominance was almost a natural attribute, and she used it throughout so effectively that from beginning to end there was no soft spot manifest in her nature. Even Volumnia's love for her proud son was based rather on her own

pride than on the joy of motherhood, and in the hands of Mrs. Siddons this singleness of nature always stood out to its full worth.

But autres temps autres mœurs. The century which has gone has given woman a truer place in the organization of the world than existed at its dawn, and



AS PORTIA.

with a wider tolerance of woman's ambitions and efforts comes a better understanding of her limitations. Neither women nor men of to-day expect a strong man to take orders, no matter how imperiously the orders are given. "Sweet reasonableness"



AS IMOGEN.



MISS TERRY TO-DAY.

has a part in the incitement to action, and especially in the persuasion to change.

For this reason, as well as to suit her own ideas and purposes, Ellen Terry has given us a different Volumnia. Without altering in meaning a single word of Shakespeare, she has vitalized his creation with her own nature. Her Volumnia is all woman; not weak woman, but woman in all her essential attributes. She has recognized that the force of such a mother was in her silence as well as in her speech; in the sweetness and common sense of her

domestic life as the mistress of a great household, as well as in those moments of haughty ambition in which she urged her great and victorious son to still greater and more victorious deeds. The end of the author is attained in each case, but by means differing as widely as the personalities of the two actresses. When we see Ellen Terry sitting in her household as a true woman must, interested in the small affairs of daily life and, after the manner of antiquity, dominating her son's wife even to gentle chiding of her fears, we realize that this is a woman who, when she does speak, will

speak to some purpose. This reading of the character is essentially true to human nature, and in its sincerity has much, and added, force in the play. When Coriolanus listens, either to her upbraiding or her beseeching, he knows that the origin, and source, and cause of it are true; and it is this feeling pushed home to the hearts of the audience, as well as to the stage character, that saves the great Roman from an instinctive judgment of vacillation on the part of those who note in more than one instance the quick abandonment of his settled purpose.

Ellen Terry's education had a fortunate beginning. Though the lessons which a child learns at a very early age are but rarely retained in its mind as guiding principles, they are nevertheless of value if begun along natural lines. She never had



AS CLARISSE DE MAULUÇON IN "ROBESPIERRE."

to be forced to act a part or drilled to the point of fatigue, as is the case with many children. Her parts came naturally to her, and she never departed from the truth as she felt it to be in her portrayal of even the most conflicting emotions.

Indeed, the more we know of her method of stage art, both as to the conception of a character and the instinctive recognition of its place in the perspective of the play of which it is a part; of the sincerity of her regard for the essential truthfulness of things; and of the becoming and enchanting manner in which she can convey the purpose of her mind to the senses of her audience through all the resources of a subtle and vastly various art, the more we feel that her success and honors have been justly won.



AS MARGARET.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STANDARD OIL WORKS AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY, JULY 5-9, 1900.

THE GREAT TEXAS OIL FIELDS.

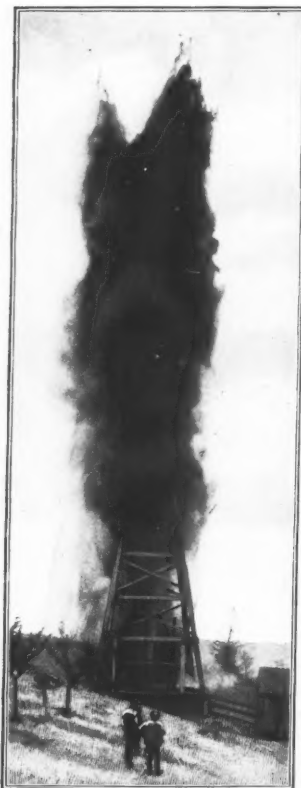
BY EDWARD RUSSELL TREHERNE.

THE great strikes of oil in southeastern Texas in the opening months of the present year bid fair to work an economic revolution the effect of which will be felt far beyond the borders of that state. The quantity of oil which now appears to be ready to hand is almost inconceivably vast. Four of the "gushers" in the Beaumont field alone, the Lucas, the Beatty, the Haywood and the Higgins, with a flow of from 20,000 to 70,000 barrels a day each, have an output twice as great as that of all the wells in Pennsylvania; and, taking the output of all its wells at a modest estimate, it is safe to say that Texas can produce as much oil in a day as all the rest of the United States in the same space of time.

If the Texas oil were of the same grade as that produced in the Eastern oil regions, the sudden uncovering of such a supply would paralyze the oil industry and might even seriously affect the wealthiest corporation the world had known before the formation of the great steel trust. But the

Standard Oil Company need have no immediate fears, for the Texas oil is of a much heavier grade than that produced by the Eastern wells. It has an asphalt, instead of a paraffin, base, and refining gives only 20 per cent. of illuminating oil, as against 70 from its Eastern rival. But the heavy residuum of the Texas oil after refinement constitutes a fuel of even greater heat-producing power than coal, and it is in this field that its future lies.

To make plain the significance of this development in Texas, it is necessary to review briefly the evolution of the oil industry in this country. Prior to 1859 it did not exist. A well bored for brine in Wayne County, Kentucky, in 1819, was abandoned as useless because of the large quantity of petroleum in it. Another dug in Cumberland County in the same state in 1827 developed the same defect, but it was subsequently exploited for its petroleum and is now one of the largest oil-producers in the Eastern region. But such petroleum as was used up to 1859 was col-



A FLOWING WELL.

In this way a bucket of oil could be secured in an hour or two.

The first improvement in the method of securing oil was made by Col. Edwin L. Drake, in May, 1859. Securing some oil-bearing land on Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, he adopted the methods of the artesian well-borer with gratifying results. He drove an iron pipe down some 60 feet through the clay and gravel to bed-rock and then bored to a depth of 71 feet, when he struck the oil-bearing stratum. The next morning the oil had risen in the pipe to within a few inches of the surface, and thereafter it was pumped out in paying quantities. Others adopted the

same tactics, and the oil industry was born. It was only an infant industry, however, and grew but slowly for the next few years. Then the oil torpedo was invented by Col. E. A. L. Roberts. He had conceived the idea while operating with his regiment in the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg in 1862, and two years later he took out a patent on it. Like many another inventor, he was made the subject of much ridicule, but he had the courage of his convictions and the first trial brought his vindication. This was in the Ladies' Well, near Titusville, Pennsylvania, where on January 21, 1865, he dropped two torpedoes. The explosion was followed by a great gush of oil and paraffin. His second experiment was in a dry well which had never produced oil. The first explosion started a flow of 20 barrels a day, and a second increased the flow strips of blanket on the oil-covered surface of the streams and pools and, when the blankets had become saturated, wring them out.

The present method of boring a well differs but little from that devised by Drake and Roberts. A derrick from 30 to 70 feet in height is erected over the spot where it is purposed to drill the well, and iron casing, or pipe, is driven down through the soil. Inside this the drill is operated, the casing being pushed down as the hole is lengthened, successively smaller pipe being used as greater depths

same tactics, and the oil industry was born. It was only an infant industry, however, and grew but slowly for the next few years. Then the oil torpedo was invented by Col. E. A. L. Roberts. He had conceived the idea while operating with his regiment in the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg in 1862, and two years later he took out a patent on it. Like many another inventor, he was made the subject of much ridicule, but he had the courage of his convictions and the first trial brought his vindication. This was in the Ladies' Well, near Titusville, Pennsylvania, where on January 21, 1865, he dropped two torpedoes. The explosion was followed by a great gush of oil and paraffin. His second experiment was in a dry well which had never produced oil. The first explosion started a flow of 20 barrels a day, and a second increased the flow strips of blanket on the oil-covered surface of the streams and pools and, when the blankets had become saturated, wring them out.



A NATURAL OIL LAKE.



A TORPEDO WAGON.

are reached, so that a 3,000-foot well may begin with 10-inch casing at the surface and end in 2½-inch pipe at the lowest level. Of course, the piping is made strong enough to resist a considerable lateral pressure, but, even so, in passing through quicksands it is often "pinched out," or collapsed. To avoid this in sinking the well that afterward became the first great Beaumont "gusher," Captain Lucas arranged an internal hydraulic pressure in the tube that counterbalanced that without. The cost of boring a well varies with the geological formation of the country, but it seldom exceeds \$8,000 for a 3,000-foot well.

When the well has reached the oil-bearing stratum, which consists of porous sand and rock, a torpedo of from one to twenty-five gallons of nitro-glycerine is carefully lowered to the bottom and discharged by dropping an iron weight, or "go-devil," on it. The resulting explosion is felt at the surface only as a slight trembling, but in the depths its effect is suddenly to drive away the oil and create a chamber in the sand or rock, into which the oil soon flows back, impelled by its own gases. It is then forced up the well-hole to the surface. I say "well-

hole" advisedly, for the casing does not always remain. When the Lucas well was "struck," the flow came with such violence that the derrick was demolished and 600 feet of 4-inch iron pipe, weighing upward of six tons, was blown a distance of 300 feet into the air, where it buckled and came down a shapeless mass. The oil geyser then quieted down into a steady flow, leaving the surface in a solid column six inches in diameter and rising to a height of 150 feet, whence it fell in a spray that deluged the surrounding country. It has been estimated that the oil came out of that hole at the rate of 50,000 barrels a day, and it was six days before the flow could be even partially controlled and three more before the well was capped and the flow stopped. In those nine days hundreds of thousands of barrels of oil flowed over the surrounding country, forming a little lake in a neighboring depres-



FILLING A TORPEDO WITH NITRO-GLYCERINE.

sion, from which the overflow finally found its way in a river of oil to the Gulf, some thirty-odd miles away.

The great bulk of the petroleum produced in this country is treated at refineries near great bodies of water. That from the Appalachian region is refined in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore on the Atlantic, and Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland and Sarnia on the Great Lakes. Early in the history of the industry, conveying the oil in casks was found to be too expensive, and the tank-car on the railroad and the pipe-line were devised for land transportation, and the barge and tank-ship soon appeared on lake and ocean.

The first pipe-line, laid by Samuel Van

cylinders of sheet-iron, often 30 feet high and 90 feet in diameter and possessing a capacity of 38,000 barrels.

Sometimes the oil in these tanks at the wells, at the refineries or along the intermediate pipe-lines catches fire, when a magnificent, if costly, spectacle is presented. The greatest conflagration of the kind took place on July 5, 1900, when one of the big field of tanks at Bayonne, New Jersey, was struck by lightning. Instantly there was a great blinding flash, a terrific explosion, and a vast sheet of flame roared to a towering height in the blackness of the midnight sky. The reflected light could be seen all night for miles, and by day it darkened the heavens with great

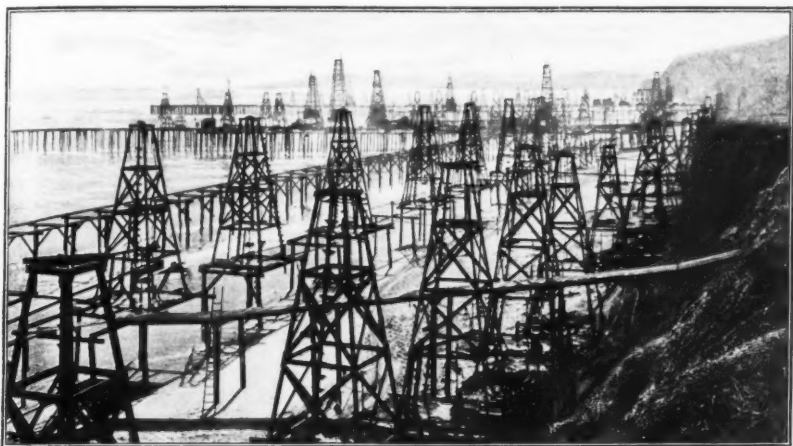


A FIELD OF TANKS.

Syckle, of Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1862, was four miles in length. At the present time there are more than 30,000 miles of pipe-line in this country—most of it owned by the Standard Oil Company, whose plant of some sixty refineries and the auxiliary tanks and pipe-lines represents an investment of \$180,000,000. The lines are made of 6-inch iron pipe, tested to bear a pressure of 1,600 pounds to the square inch. At such intervals as the contour of the country requires, there are "tank stations," where are situated two huge tanks, the oil being pumped from one to the other in order to secure the head necessary for it to flow to the next station. The tanks are huge covered

swirling, gyrating clouds of inky smoke. In spite of every effort, nothing could be done except to confine the fire to the tanks, and it was allowed to burn itself out, a process which consumed the better part of five days.

For transportation oversea, steel tank-ships are made for both crude and refined oil. Most of the crude oil exported goes to France and Spain, where it is treated in local refineries, the duty imposed on refined oil by those countries being practically prohibitive. For the Oriental trade, the oil is shipped in case—two five-gallon cans crated together constituting a "case"—on sailing-vessels, as the voyage around the Horn takes from 116 to 176 days, far

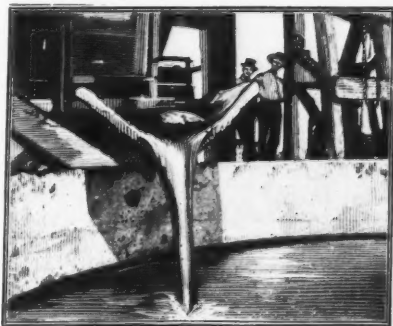


ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

too long a course for steam-vessels. But the transatlantic trade is chiefly carried on in tank-steamers, huge steel shells in which almost the entire space in the hull is devoted to carrying oil in bulk. There is a small dry compartment in the bows for ordinary freight, and the crew's living-quarters are put at the extreme stern, with the engines immediately forward of them. The rest of the hull is divided into from 12 to 20 air-tight compartments, each of which has a capacity of about 140,000 gallons. The largest tank-ships carry nearly 2,500,000 gallons, and so powerful are the pumps by which they are controlled that such a cargo can be taken on board or delivered within six hours.

As these air-tight compartments are kept hermetically sealed from port to port—instead of being closed only in an emergency, as on an ocean liner—the oil tank-ships are the stanchest vessels afloat, and many a handsome sum in salvage have they earned for their owners by towing into port a vessel disabled in a storm. But, like the oil tanks on shore, they have ever the fierce peril of fire before them. The "Maverick," the first of the Standard Oil Company's fleet, caught fire some years ago in the harbor of Halifax. While oil was being pumped into one of the compartments, a pipe burst, and the oil found its way, through a door carelessly left open, into the fire-room. In an instant a conflagration was started that could not be

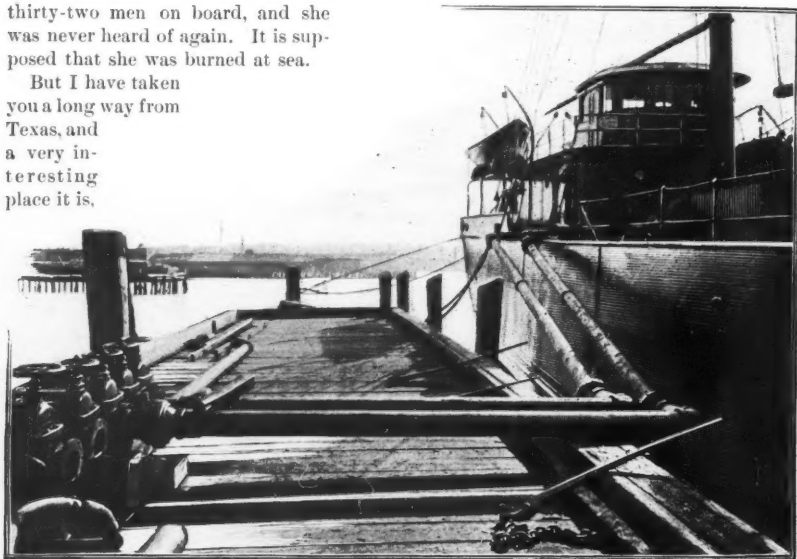
extinguished by any less drastic measure than sinking the ship; and, though the "Maverick" was recovered and is at work to-day, the damage to ship and cargo amounted to \$150,000. Another cause of fire is a collision or running aground that so injures the ship's interior economy that the oil gets into the furnaces. This happened to the "Attila" when she ran ashore at Nodre Renner, Denmark; and it was necessary to half sink her by exploding one compartment after another with dynamite before the flames could be put out. A similar accident in the Delaware River reduced the "Weehawken" to old iron. Still more sinister was the probable fate of the "Minister Maybach"; she steamed out of New York harbor on her maiden voyage in December, 1898, with a cargo of 1,750,000 gallons of oil and a crew of



OIL POURING INTO A TANK FROM A GUSHER.

thirty-two men on board, and she was never heard of again. It is supposed that she was burned at sea.

But I have taken you a long way from Texas, and a very interesting place it is,



A PIPE-LINE—THE MOST RAPID MEANS OF LOADING.

in the neighborhood of Beaumont. Oil had been found in Corsicana in 1894, when that enterprising municipality essayed to bore a town well. By the end of 1897 there were 66 wells sunk in the neighborhood, and 374 more were sunk in 1898, all but 31 of them producing from 10 to 30 barrels a day. On February 1, 1901, there were 600 oil wells in Texas, producing 4,000 barrels daily.

Among the operators was Capt. A. F. Lucas, a geologist from Washington, D. C.,

who had a great opinion of the oil possibilities of the Beaumont neighborhood. He sank wells there in 1894 and 1898, but was twice "pinched out" by the quicksand. Finally he devised the method I have alluded to above, sunk a third well with the financial aid of a firm of California oilmen, and was rewarded on January 10th by his great strike. The immense volume of the flow brought a rush of other operators, but the boom did not really begin until the Beatty well proved a geyser

on March 26th. Within a month, seven more "gushers" of almost the same size were struck. Land values took a most incredible jump. Farms that you couldn't have sold in 1900 for \$8 an acre soared to fabulous valuations, as high as \$35,000 an acre being refused for some holdings.

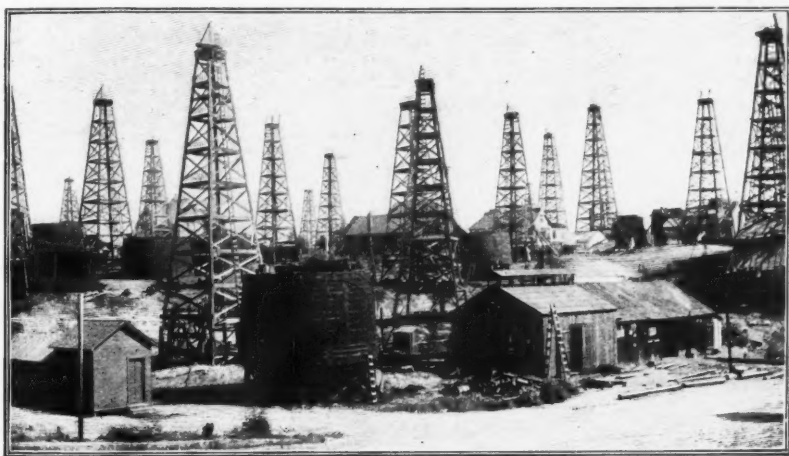
The influx of speculators in April and May quite swamped the accommodations of the little town. Bed and board were obtainable only at more



A BURNED-OUT TANK-SHIP.

than Klondike prices, but still the boomers came. Night and day the streets were alive with men buying and selling. The amount of money in sight was astonishing: one-thousand-dollar bills became as common in Beaumont as cigarette papers had been a year before. Oilmen, ranchers, lawyers, cowboys, clerks, messengers,—everybody was "in oil," dealing in oil lands, oil wells, oil leases and oil stocks. In two months more than 400 companies, some of which held nothing of value, had been organized. The aggregate amount of capital involved, in holdings and on paper, was set at \$175,000,000, divided into \$50,000,000 in Texas corporations, \$75,000,000 in private holdings and

Towne, representing a syndicate, paid \$1,000,000 for only 15 acres, but the land was much nearer Beaumont. On May 20th, the Byrd Syndicate, of London, which has large holdings in the Baku district on the Caspian Sea, leased 63,000 acres. The Standard Oil Company was said to be behind almost every big deal, and it is told with particularity of detail that that corporation bought out the Texas Western Oil Company's holdings on April 10th for \$1,200,000. More credible is the story that the Standard has purchased the railway terminals, including wharfs and 90,000 acres of land, at Port Arthur, Texas, the nearest deep-water port, as such a purchase and the construction of the connect-



SOME INLAND WELLS.

\$50,000,000* in companies organized outside the state.

The pioneer men in the business were Guffey & Galey, who, in addition to the Lucas well, hold 60,000 acres under lease in the heart of the Beaumont district. Kaiser & Kelly, of Chicago, boring for oil three miles from Beaumont, struck gas on April 19th, and within 24 hours they sold their well and 30,000 acres, with certain reservations, for \$250,000. A week before, Ex-Governor Hogg, who had abandoned politics for oil and made a few successful turns, paid \$220,000 for 44,000 acres of land 160 miles east of Beaumont, intending to pipe oil to the iron-mines at New Birmingham, Alabama. C. A.

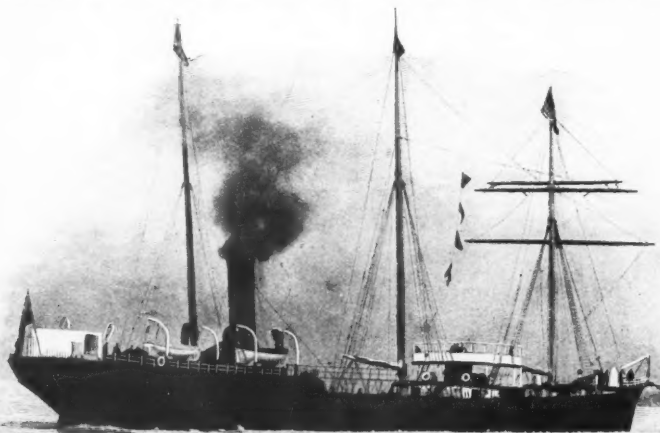
ing pipe-lines would give practical control of the Beaumont district. The Beaumont boom has, in fact, passed out of the hands of small speculators. Probably 50 per cent. of the companies organized were frauds from the first, and many others were the most harebrained speculations. As in the great boom and panic in Wall Street at the same time, those who lost money were victims of their own foolish indulgence in the craving to get rich quickly. But the oil boom in Texas has developed a vast fund of wealth in the benefits of which the entire country will have a share.

The California oil boom was a slower growth and is entirely overshadowed by the magnitude of that in Texas, but it has

added not a little to the world's wealth. The existence of petroleum deposits in the southern part of the state was known in the old Mexican days, and as early as 1865 a company was organized in New York, with the then large capitalization of \$5,000,000, to acquire and develop oil lands in Ventura County; but it "died a-bornin'," and the oil industry of the Golden State was left to local energy. The Newhall district has been worked for a quarter of a century, and one of the wells there has paid in that time \$1,000,000. But there was no boom until a paying well was bored at the corner of Patton and

which set everybody in California to speculating in oil. Others followed in Orange, Kern, Fresno, San Bernardino, and other Counties until it seemed as if the entire central valley of middle and southern California, from Shasta to San Diego, lay over a vast bed of oil that extends out under the Pacific at some points, such as Santa Barbara, where a forest of derricks sprang up on the ocean beach. The wells are not comparable with the Texas "gushers" as producers, but the output of the state last year was sold for \$4,000,000.

Many are the fantastic tales told of



A TANK-SHIP ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR IN WINTER.

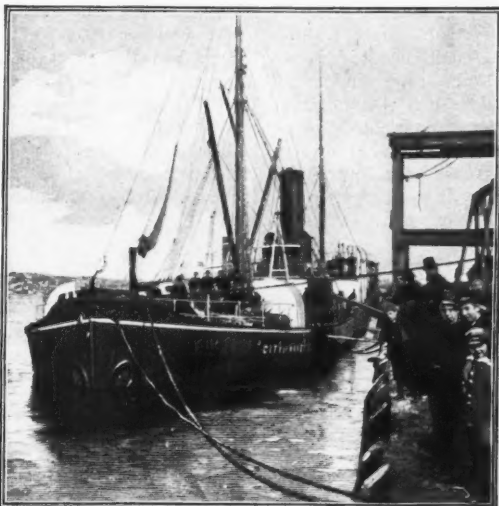
State Streets in the suburbs of Los Angeles in 1892. Scores of other wells were soon sunk in the immediate neighborhood, some of them only 50 or even 25 feet apart, and in 1893 the output of the district was 100,000 barrels. This increased to 1,400,000 in 1897, then it sank to 1,182,000 in 1898, and rose again to 1,200,000 in 1899, more than one-half of the entire output of the state. The district is only two and one-quarter miles long by one-quarter mile wide, and in that area there are 1,100 wells.

Then came new discoveries in the Coal-
inga and McKittrick districts in 1898,

sudden fortunes made in these California wells. One recalls the exploits of "Coal Oil Johnny," of the early Pennsylvania days. The hero's name is John A. Bunting, and ten years ago he was tending a Southern Pacific water-tank in the Arizona desert. In time he rose to be a brakeman on a freight-train, and some two years ago he resigned. The Southern Pacific Company knew him no more until a few months ago, when one morning his name was taken in to General Manager Fillmore's office in San Francisco. Mr. Fillmore looked up the man's record and sent back word that he could not reinstate a man

who had voluntarily resigned from the company's employ. Word came back that the visitor didn't want a job, he wanted to buy a private car. When Mr. Fillmore got his breath again, he asked Mr. Bunting to come in and explain.

Then Mr. Bunting told his story. While "braking" on the Southern Pacific, he had lent a man \$170, taking as security a gold watch and a mortgage on forty acres of land in Fresno County. In time he foreclosed the mortgage and tried to sell the land, but could get nothing for it. This was before the boom. One day a well near his property struck oil. Immediately there was a fierce demand for every rod of land in the vicinity, and Mr. Bunting's forty acres proved to be a veritable gold-mine. Selling only enough to furnish funds for sinking a well on his own land, he soon struck oil, and from that beginning he continued developing until he had become a millionaire. Now he was going to gratify his pet dream as an old railroad man—he was going to travel all over the



A HEAVILY LADEN TANK-SHIP.

country in his own private car. And before he parted with Mr. Fillmore he had ordered one that was to cost him, when completed, a round sum of \$30,000.

The generality of the oil produced in Texas and California is most valuable as a fuel; and as such it is superior to coal in that it can be more easily,

and therefore economically, transported and fed to the furnace, bulk for bulk it has a greater calorific value, and it is cheaper.

An experiment undertaken some two years ago in California by the Santa Fé company demonstrated that one ton of coal would carry a certain train of cars 26.7 miles, while a little more than a ton of oil—2,016 pounds—carried the same train over the same track 38.46 miles, a gain of 44 per cent. The coal cost \$7.50 a ton and the oil cost only \$6.90, a gain of 8 per cent. This was when the oil cost \$1.15 a barrel—twice what it may be expected to cost when the Texas supply can be fully drawn on. The Santa Fé com-



THE ULTIMATE FATE OF MANY.

pany thereupon began converting its locomotives to oil-burners as rapidly as a sufficient supply of oil could be guaranteed, and it now has 180 oil-burning engines.

Experiments made at sea tell the same story. The steamer "Assyrian" demonstrated to the satisfaction of her owners that the cost of petroleum is 25 per cent. less per horse-power than that of coal. This would mean an enormous saving to the ocean greyhounds, such as the "Deutschland," which burns 560 tons of coal a day. And the greater economy of space in which the liquid fuel may be stored would allow either more space for freight and passengers or a notable increase in the ship's "radius of efficiency." The "Cowrie" recently ran 9,250 miles on 748 cubic feet of oil, using 22 tons daily, whereas to cover the same distance she would have needed 1,575 cubic feet of coal

burned at the rate of 35 tons a day. The bunkers of the "Paris" and "Deutschland" contain 2,500 and 4,800 tons of coal respectively; if they used petroleum, it would be at a saving of 60 per cent. in weight and of 50 per cent. in space. Indeed, the advantages of petroleum as a fuel for steam-vessels appear to be so great that experiments are now in progress

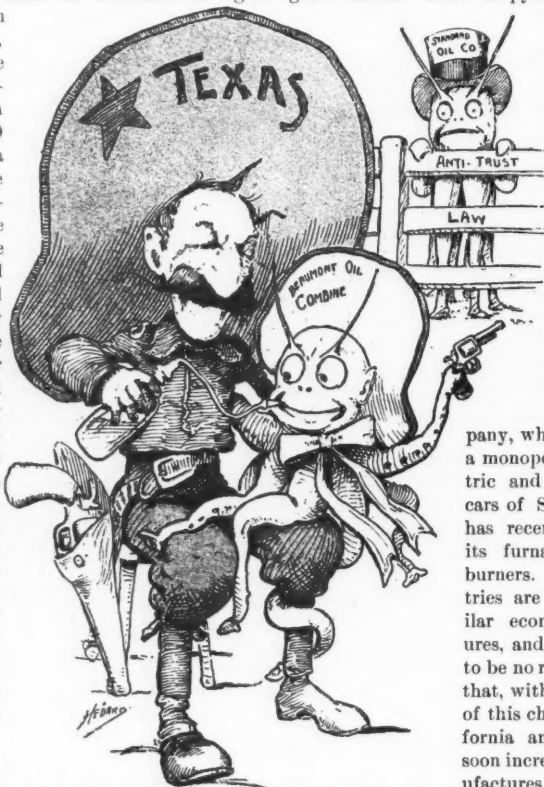
in this country and abroad with a view to its adoption by our own and European navies, and the effect of the Beaumont discoveries will be to hasten investigation in this direction.

Where power is needed for industrial and manufacturing purposes in San Francisco, petroleum is already rapidly displacing coal. The Union Iron Works, the great Pacific Coast shipyards that have

successfully competed with the Cramps in getting government contracts for armored cruisers, now consume 30,000 barrels of petroleum in their furnaces every working day; and the Market Street Railway Com-

pany, which has almost a monopoly of the electric and cable street-cars of San Francisco, has recently converted its furnaces into oil-burners. Other industries are adopting similar economical measures, and there appears to be no reason to doubt that, with an abundance of this cheap fuel, California and Texas will soon increase their manufactures greatly. Indeed, the oil output of the United States,

which has been an important factor in the growing volume of American exports, will now vastly exceed that of all the rest of the world; and the industries whose scope the new fuel will expand will establish yet more firmly our position as the foremost commercial power and confirm New York's right to be ranked as the business center of the world.



IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)



OLD FRENCH ROMANCES.

II.—AMIS AND AMILE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

“**L**A vie des saints martyrs Amis et Amile” is, par excellence, the fairy-tale of friendship. Greater love than this hath no man—that he giveth his life for his friend. Yet Amile did even more than that, carried the ideal of renunciatory comradeship to a symbolic extreme, which in actual life, as in the story, could be justified only by the certainty of a miracle.

The love of Amis and Amile began with life, as it was ended—or maybe merely seemed to end—only with death. Long ago, in that sufficiently legendary period of human history distinguished by the story-teller as “in the time of Pepin, King of France,” a child was born in “the Castle of Bericain,” “of a noble father of Alemaine who was of great holiness.” The pious parents vowed to God—“and Saint Peter and Saint Paul”—that they would carry their child to Rome for baptism. Now about the same time, in the castle of “a Count of Alverne,” similar, indeed identical, things were happening. The Count of Alverne also was happy in a newborn son, and—assisted by a heavenly vision—he too decided to take his child to Rome for baptism. But on the same pilgrimage, the two parents, hitherto unknown to each other, met at Lucca; “and when they found themselves to

be of one purpose, they joined company in all friendliness and entered Rome together. And the two children fell to loving one another so sorely that one would not eat without the other, they lived of one victual, and lay in one bed."

So the friendship of Amis and Amile began in their cradles, and that there should be no mistaking that they were born for each other, Nature, who predestines for us all, had made them so alike in person and character that it was impossible to tell one from the other. As a further symbol of their unity, the "Apostle of Rome" at their baptism—when "many a knight of Rome held them at the font with mickle joy, and raised them aloft even as God would"—gave to each of them a cup (a "hanap") wrought of wood, bound with gold and set with precious stones; the two cups being identical as the two children. Then parents and children "betook them thence home in all joyance," and we hear no more of them till Amis is thirty years old, with his father upon his death-bed. The old knight of Bericain thus addresses the son he must leave behind, and wiser or more beautiful advice has seldom come from the dying. Here are his words: "Fair son, well beloved, it behoveth me presently to die, and thou shalt abide and be thine own master. Now firstly, fair son, keep thou the commandments of God; the chivalry of Jesus Christ do thou. Keep thou faith to thy lords, and give aid to thy fellows and friends. Defend the widows and orphans. Uphold the poor and needy: and all days hold thy last day in memory. Forget not the fellowship and friendship of the son of the Count of Alverne, whereas the Apostle of Rome on one day baptized you both, and with one gift honored you. Ye be alike of beauty, of fashion, and stature, and whoso should see you, would deem you to be brethren."

So the father died, but the son proved too gentle and Christian of nature to hold his own against the enemies that now rose up against him. Always Amis turned the other cheek, and so it fell that he was despoiled of his heritage. In his trouble, he bethinks him of his old



Drawn by Louis Rhead.

THE APOSTLE OF ROME BAPTIZES AMIS AND AMILE,

friend and fellow. "Go we now," he says, "to the Court of the Count Amile, who was my friend and my fellow. May-happen he will make us rich with his goods and his havings."

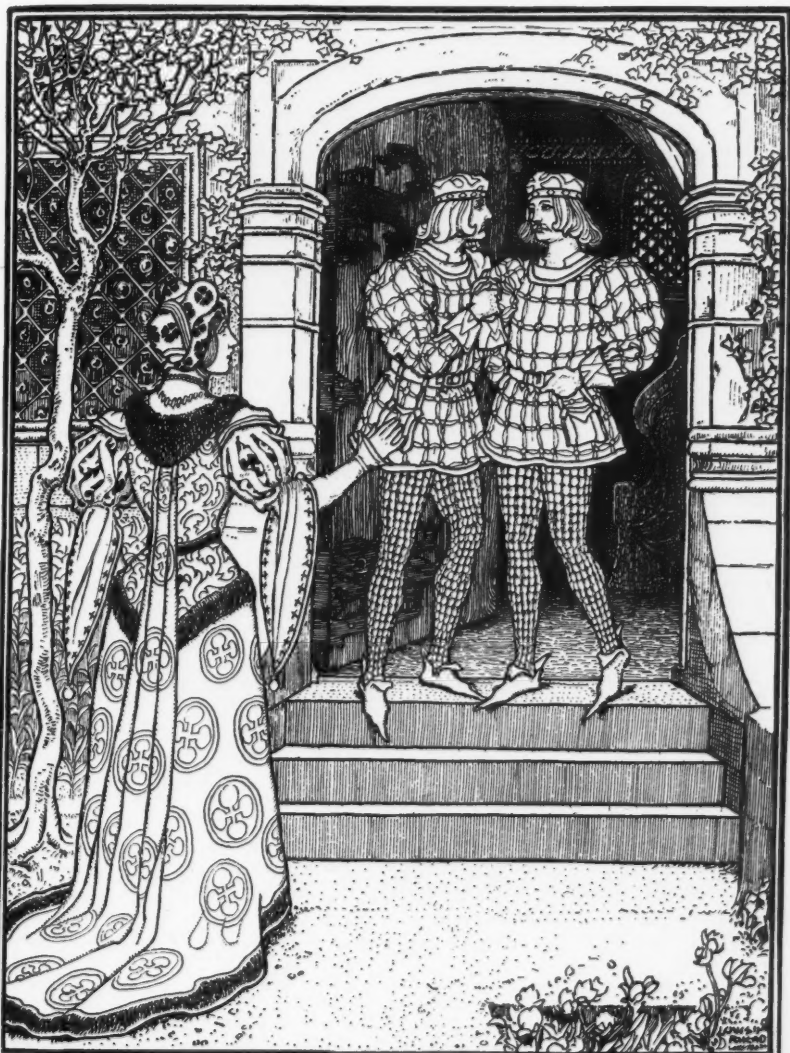
However, on arriving at Amile's castle, they find that Amile is away—gone to comfort Amis for the death of his father. So the friends miss each other, and for two years and more Amile seeks Amis, and Amis Amile, "in France and in Alemaine." Meanwhile, Amis incidentally takes a wife, his bride's father having heard so well of him that he endows him and his company with gold and silver and "havings." Thus Amis and his "ten fellows" abide in comfort for a year and a half, Amile meanwhile having sought his friend "without ceasing." One cannot but note that while both friends no doubt love equally, Amile is the friend who does most throughout the story.

At the end of the year and a half, the conscience of Amis smites him. "We have done amiss," he says, "in that we have left seeking of Amile." "So Amis and his knights set out toward Paris, and after various adventures are sitting at meat "by the water of Seine in a flowery meadow," when a company of French knights set upon them. The day is going hard with them, when Amis cries out, "Who are ye knights, who have will to slay Amis the exile and his fellows?"

"At that voice," says the story-teller, "Amile knew Amis his fellow and said: 'O thou Amis most well beloved, rest from my travail, I am Amile, son of the Count of Alverne, who have not ceased to seek thee for two whole years.'"

The friends thereon embraced and, swearing "friendship and fellowship perpetual," betook them to the Court of Charles, King of France, where they became at once favorites of the King, Amis becoming treasurer, and Amile "server." There might men behold them young, well attempered, wise, fair, and of like fashion and visage, loved of all and honored.

So abode they in happiness and prosperity for three years, at the end of which time it suddenly occurred to Amis that he was married and had not seen his wife for three years! "Fair sweet fellow," says he to his friend, "I desire sore to go see my wife whom I have left behind; and I will return the soonest that I may; and do thou abide at the Court." To this Amis adds a word of advice: that Amile should keep away from the King's daughter and that he should above all things beware of




Drawn by Louis Rhead.

AMILE TELLS AMIS OF THE TREACHERY OF ARDERI THE FELON.

"Arderi the felon." Now, as might perhaps be expected, Amis has no sooner departed than Amile forgets his commandment and teaching, and—remembers the King's daughter; "whereas," adds the monkish storyteller, "he was no holier than David, nor wiser than Solomon."

Now comes "Arderi the felon" with a false tale against Amis, which



his friend apparently believes—namely, that Amis has stolen from the King's treasury and is therefore fled away. Thereon, for some unexplained reason, Amile swears fealty and friendship with Arderi, and unbosoms himself concerning the King's daughter. Arderi reveals the secret to the King. Amile denies the charge and challenges Arderi to the ordeal by battle.

Meanwhile, before the day appointed, Amile meets Amis by chance and tells him what has befallen. "Then said Amis, sighing: 'Leave we here our folk, and enter into this wood to lay bare our secret.' And Amis fell to blaming Amile, and said: 'Change we our garments and our horses, and get thee to my house, and I will do the battle for thee against the traitor.' " The point, of course, of the change was that divine justice was supposed to preside over such duels as Amile had undertaken, and, as he was fighting for a lie, he must logically expect to fall in battle. With Amis in his place, justice might perhaps be hoodwinked. So man has thought to deceive the justice of heaven in all ages. The friends part from each other weeping, Amis making his way to the court in the semblance of Amile, and Amile going to his friend's house in the semblance of Amis—not, however, without a word of warning which one might have deemed unnecessary between such good friends. Thus, after the manner of Sigurd, Amile placed his sword between him and the wife of Amis; though Amis had so little confidence either in his friend or in his wife that, we read, "he betook himself," o' nights, "in disguise to his house to wot if Amile kept faith with him of his wife."

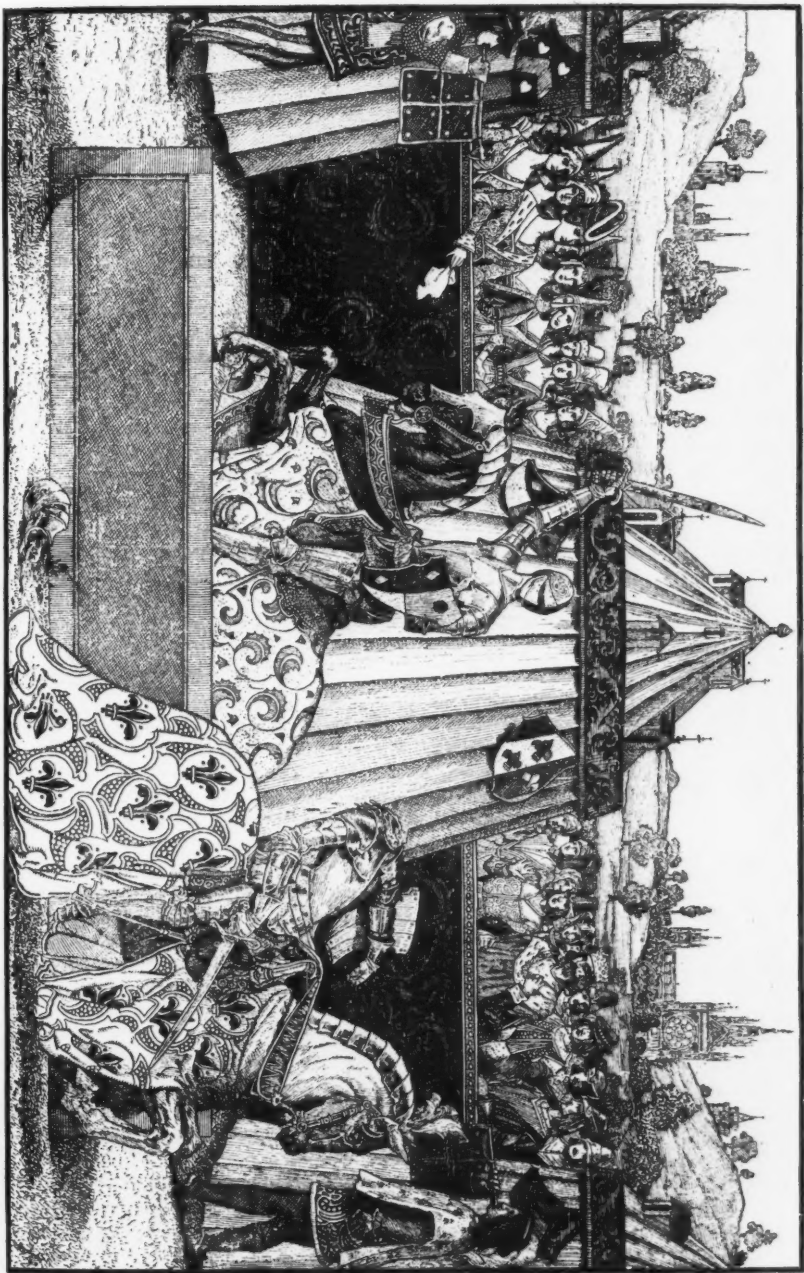
But this time Amile acquitted himself better than either David or Solomon, and justified the faith of his friend.

Presently comes the day of battle. The false Arderi is duly vanquished, his head smitten off, and Amis rewarded with Belisant the King's daughter, whom he honorably transfers to his friend. So Amile's affairs prosper, and it is soon time for Amis to be in trouble once more. Heaven, chastening whom it loveth—as the pious chronicler remarks—sends upon Amis the scourge of leprosy. He becomes so "mesel" that his wife hates him and endeavors oftentimes to strangle him. In this sore trouble, the heart of Amis turns again to his friend.

But when he reaches the Castle of Bericain, Amile's folk do not recognize Amis, and seeing only an unclean leper, beat him sore and drive him and his company away. Thence he turns to Rome, where he is hospitably entertained by the Holy Father till a famine

Drawn by Louis Rivot.

AMIS SMITES OFF THE HEAD OF ARDRE.



falls upon the land, a famine so great "that the father had will to thrust the son away from his house." In this extremity Amis is borne once more to the city of the Count Amile.

But by this time fortune had done its worst. So soon as his servants sounded the rattles (or clappers—"tartarrelles") by which lepers in the Middle Ages gave sign of their approach, Amile, hearing the sound, sent out one of his servants with food for the sick man, and with it his own birth-cup filled with wine. As yet he had no knowledge that the leper was Amis, but when his servant returned he told how the sick man had a "hanap" exactly like his master's; and so Amis became known again to Amile and by him and his wife was welcomed lovingly to the castle, leper though he was.

But the supreme test of Amile's love for Amis was yet to come. One night as the two friends were sleeping in the same room, the angel Raphael appeared to Amis and bade him tell Amile that if he were to slay his two children and wash Amis in their blood, his friend would be healed. Amile is awakened by the speech of the angel, and bids Amis reveal what he has heard. Sorely against his will, Amis delivers the divine message, and in much tribulation of soul Amile ponders it. At length, however, his sense of duty toward his friend triumphs over his love for his children, and he girds himself to make even this terrible sacrifice. And here let the old romancer take up the tale in his simple, direct fashion: "Then Amile fell to weeping privily and thinking in his heart: 'This man forsooth was appareled before the King to die for me, and why should I not slay my children for him; if he hath kept faith with me to the death, why keep I not faith?'

"Then the Count took his sword, and went to the bed where lay his children, and found them sleeping, and he threw himself upon them, and fell to weeping bitterly and said: 'Who hath heard ever of a father who of his own will hath slain his child? Ah, alas, my children! I shall be no more your father, but your cruel murderer!'

"When he had so said, he cut off their heads, and then laid them out behind the bed, and laid the heads to the bodies, and covered them over even as they slept. And with their blood which he received, he washed his fellow, and said: 'Sire God, Jesus Christ, who commandest men to keep faith upon the earth, and who cleansest the mesel by thy word, deign thou to cleanse my fellow, for the love of whom I have shed the blood of my children.'

"Then was Amis cleansed of his meselry. And Amile clad

him in his own right goodly raiment; and therewith they went to the church to give thanks there, and the bells by the grace of God rang of themselves. And when the people of the city heard that, they ran all together toward that marvel.

"Now was come the hour of tierce, and neither the father nor the mother was yet entered in to their children; but the father sighed grievously for the death of his babes. Then the Countess asked for her children to make her joy, and the Count said: 'Dame, let be, let the children sleep!'

"Therewith he entered all alone to the children to weep over them, and found them playing in the bed; but the scars of their wounds showed about the necks of each of them even as a red fillet.

"Then he took them in his arms, and bore them to their mother, and said: 'Make great joy, dame, whereas thy sons whom I had slain by the commandment of the Angel are alive again, and by their blood is Amis cured and healed.'

"And when the Countess heard it she said: 'O thou, Count, why didst thou not lead me with thee to receive the blood of my children, and I would have washed therewith Amis thy fellow and my Lord?'

Nor must it be forgotten that "on the self-same day that Amis was made whole, the devils bore off his inhuman wife; they brake the neck of her, and bore away her soul."

So the love of Amis and Amile endured through life, and in their death they were not

divided, for not only did they fall in battle together fighting for King Charles against the Lombards, but heaven itself set this final seal of miracle upon their love. On the field of Mortara where they fell, the King built two churches, dedicating one to St. Eusebius and the other to St. Peter. In one church was buried Amis and in the other Amile; "but on the morrow's morn the body of Amile, and his coffin therewith, was found in the church of St. Eusebius hard by the coffin of Amis his fellow." Thus it came about that till the end of the seventeenth century the names of the two friends were to be found side by side in the calendar of saints and martyrs.

So Holy Church blesses a human love and hallows it.

The story of Amis and Amile is one well known in many forms to folklorists. It is to be met with in many languages, and learned authorities differ as to its origin. Some claim that it came from the East and some from Greece, and some that it is founded on actual historic incidents of the wars of Charlemagne. Mr. Joseph Jacobs (in his introduction to William Morris's translation—"Old French Romances," Scribner's Sons) points out that the names of the heroes are clearly Latin—*Amicus* and *Æmilius*; and also refers to the fantastic conjecture that the proverb, "A miss is as good as a mile," has its explanation in this old story. Those who seek learning on the subject may find it in Mr. Jacobs' introduction above referred to, and by him be introduced to other authorities. Walter Pater's essay on "Two Early French Stories" in his volume on the Renaissance was probably the first introduction of the story to most English readers, William Morris following with the translation from which I have quoted.

The charm of the romance is mainly in the story itself, and but little in its form, which is often crude and merely quaint, and seldom interesting from a dramatic or literary point of view. There is no note in it of that poignancy of feeling which we find in David's lament for Jonathan, or in "Tennessee's Pardner"; but the story itself is sufficiently eloquent, eloquent of an ideal of human loyalty which takes friendship rather than love for its supreme expression—seeming indeed to suggest that there is something finer about friendship than love—something, might one say, less selfish, more essentially divine. "Passing the love of women!" It is to be remembered that that famous phrase was made by a great lover of women, by the lover of Bathsheba, the man who placed Uriah in the front of the battle. David had known both love and friendship, but we say "David and Jonathan"—not David and Bathsheba.

A MERCURY OF THE FOOT-HILLS.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was high, hot noon on the Casket Ridge. Its very scant shade was restricted to a few dwarf Scotch firs, and was so perpendicularly cast that Leonidas Boone, seeking shelter from the heat, was obliged to draw himself up under one of them, as if it were an umbrella. Occasionally, with a boy's perversity, he permitted one bared foot to protrude beyond the sharply marked shadow until the burning sun forced him to draw it in again, with a thrill of satisfaction. There was no earthly reason why he had not sought the larger shadow of the pine-trees which reared themselves against the Ridge on the slope below him—except that he was a boy, and perhaps even more superstitious and opinionated than most boys. Having got under this tree with infinite care, he had made up his mind that he would not move from it until its line of shade reached and touched a certain stone on the trail near him. *Why* he did this he did not know, but he clung to his sublime purpose with the courage and tenacity of a youthful Casabianca. He was cramped, tickled by dust and fir-sprays; he was supremely uncomfortable—but he stayed! A woodpecker was monotonously tapping in an adjacent pine, with measured intervals of silence, which he always firmly believed was a certain telegraphy of the bird's own making; a green-and-gold lizard flashed by his foot to suddenly stiffen itself with a rigidity equal to his own. Still he stirred not. The shadow gradually crept nearer the mystic stone—and touched it. He sprang up, shook himself and prepared to go about his business. This was simply an errand to the post-office at the Cross-Roads, scarcely a mile from his father's house. He was already half-way there. He had taken only the better part of one hour for this desultory journey!

However, he now proceeded on his way, diverging only to follow a fresh rabbit track a few hundred yards, to note that the animal had doubled twice against the wind, and then, naturally, he was obliged to look closely for other tracks to determine its pursuers. He paused also, but only for a moment, to rap thrice on the trunk of the pine where the woodpecker

was at work, which he knew would make it cease work for a time—as it did. Having thus renewed his relations with Nature, he discovered that one of the letters he was taking to the post-office had slipped in some mysterious way from the bosom of his shirt where he carried them, past his waistband, into a trousers-leg, and was about to make a casual delivery of itself on the trail. This caused him to take out his letters and count them, when he found one missing. He had been given four letters to post—he had only three. There were a big one in his father's handwriting, two indistinctive ones of his mother's, and a smaller one of his sister's—that was gone! Not at all disconcerted, he calmly retraced his steps, following his own tracks minutely, with a grim face and a distinct delight in the process, while looking—perfunctorily—for the letter. In the midst of this slow progress a bright idea struck him. He walked back to the fir-tree where he had rested, and found the lost missive. It had slipped out of his shirt when he shook himself. He was not particularly pleased. He knew that nobody would give him credit for his trouble in going back for it, or his astuteness in guessing where it was. He heaved a sigh of misunderstood genius and again started for the post-office. This time he carried the letters openly and ostentatiously in his hand.

Presently he heard a voice say, "Hey!" It was a gentle, musical, woman's voice; a strange voice, for it evidently did not know how to call him, and did not say, "O Leonidas!" or, "You—look here!" He was abreast of a little clearing, guarded by a low stockade of bark palings, and beyond it was a small white dwelling-house. Leonidas knew the place perfectly well. It belonged to the superintendent of a mining tunnel, who had lately rented it to some strangers from San Francisco. Thus much he had heard from his family. He had a mountain boy's contempt for city folks, and was not himself interested in them. Yet, as he heard the call, he was conscious of a slightly guilty feeling. He might have been trespassing in following the rabbit's track; he might have been seen by some one when he lost the letter and had

to go back for it—all grown-up people had a way of offering themselves as witnesses against him! He scowled a little as he glanced around him. Then his eye fell on the caller, on the other side of the stockade.

To his surprise it was a woman—a pretty, gentle, fragile creature—all soft muslin and laces, with her fingers interlocked and leaning both elbows on the top of the stockade as she stood under the checkered shadow of a buckeye.

"Come here—please—won't you?" she said pleasantly.

It would have been impossible to resist her voice if Leonidas had wanted to—which he didn't. He walked confidently up to the fence. She really was very pretty, with eyes as soft as his setter's and as caressing. And there were little puckers and satiny creases around her delicate nostrils and mouth, when she spoke, which Leonidas knew were "expression."

"I—I——" she began, with charming hesitation; then suddenly, "What's your name?"

"Leonidas."

"Leonidas—that's a pretty name!" He thought it *did* sound pretty. "Well, Leonidas, I want you to be a good boy and do a great favor for me—a very great favor."

Leonidas' face fell. This kind of prelude and formula was familiar to him. It was usually followed by: "Promise me that you will never swear again," or, "that you will go straight home and wash your face," or some other irrelevant personality. But nobody with that sort of eyes had ever said it. So he replied, a little shyly but sincerely, "Yes, ma'am."

"You are going to the post-office?"

This seemed a very foolish, womanish question, seeing that he was holding letters in his hand, but he said, "Yes."

"I want you to put a letter of mine among yours and post them all together," she said, putting one little hand to her bosom and drawing out a letter. He noticed that she purposely held the addressed side so that he could not see it, but he also noticed that her hand was small, thin, and white even to a faint tint of blue in it, unlike his sister's, the baby's, or any other hand he had ever seen. "Can you read?" she said suddenly, withdrawing the letter.

The boy flushed slightly at the question.

"Of course I can," he said, proudly.

"Of course, certainly," she repeated quickly, "but," she added with a mischievous smile, "you mustn't *now*! Promise me! Promise me that you won't read this address, but just put the letter, like one of your own, in the letter-box with the others."

Leonidas promised readily; it seemed to him a great fuss about nothing; perhaps it was some kind of game or a bet. He opened his sunburnt hand, holding his own letters, and she slipped hers, face downward, between them. Her soft fingers touched his in the operation, and seemed to leave a pleasant warmth behind them.

"Promise me another thing," she added; "promise me you won't say a word of this to any one."

"Of course!" said Leonidas.

"That's a good boy—and I know you will keep your word." She hesitated a moment, smilingly and tentatively, and then held out a bright half-dollar. Leonidas backed from the fence. "I'd rather not," he said shyly.

"But as a present from *me*?"

Leonidas colored; he was really proud. And he was also bright enough to understand that the possession of such unbounded wealth would provoke dangerous inquiry at home. But he didn't like to say it, and only replied, "I can't."

She looked at him curiously. "Then—thank you!" she said, offering her white hand, which felt like a bird in his. "Now run on, and don't let me keep you any longer." She drew back from the fence as she spoke, and waved him a pretty farewell. Leonidas, half sorry, half relieved, darted away.

He ran to the post-office, which he never had done before. Loyally, he never looked at her letter—nor indeed at his own again—swinging the hand that held them far from his side. He entered the post-office directly, going at once to the letter-box and depositing the precious missive with the others. The post-office was also the "country store," and Leonidas was in the habit of still further protracting his errands there by lingering in that stimulating atmosphere of sugar, cheese and coffee. But to-day his stay was brief—so transi-



Drawn by George Wright.

"COME HERE—PLEASE—WON'T YOU?" SHE SAID PLEASANTLY."

tory that the postmaster himself inferred audibly that "old man Boone must have been tanning Lee with a hickory switch." But the simple reason was that Leonidas wished to go back to the stockade fence and the fair stranger—if haply she was still there. His heart sank, as, breathless with unwonted haste, he reached the clearing and the empty buckeye shade. He walked slowly and with sad diffidence by the deserted stockade fence. But presently his quick eye caught a glint of white among the laurels near the house. It was *she*, walking with apparent indifference away from him toward the corner of the clearing and the road. But this he knew would bring her to the end of the stockade fence, where he must pass—and it did. She turned to him with a bright smile of affected surprise. "Why, you're as swift-footed as Mercury!"

Leonidas understood her perfectly. Mercury was the other name for quicksilver—and that was lively, you bet! He had often spilt some on the floor to see it move. She must be awfully cute to have noticed it, too—cuter than his sisters. He was quite breathless with pleasure.

"I put your letter in the box all right," he burst out at last.

"Without any one seeing it?" she asked.

"Sure pop!—nary one! The postmaster stuck out his hand to grab it, but I just let on that I didn't see him and shoved it in myself."

"You're as sharp as you're good," she said smilingly. "Now, there's just *one* thing more I want you to do. Forget all about this—won't you?"

Her voice was very caressing. Perhaps that was why he said boldly, "Yes, ma'am—all except *you*."

"Dear me!—what a compliment! How old are you?"

"Goin' on fifteen," said Leonidas confidently.

"And going very fast," said the lady mischievously. "Well, then—you needn't forget *me*. On the contrary," she added, after looking at him curiously, "I would rather you'd remember me. Good-by—or rather good-afternoon—if I'm to be remembered, Leon."

"Good-afternoon, ma'am."

She moved away, and presently disappeared among the laurels. But her last words were ringing in his ears. "Leon"—everybody else called him "Lee" for brevity. "Leon"—it was pretty as she said it.

He turned away. But it so chanced that their parting was not to pass unnoticed, for, looking up the hill, Leonidas perceived his elder sister and little brother coming down the road and knew that they must have seen him from the hilltop. It was like their "snooping."

They ran to him eagerly.

"You were talking to the stranger," said his sister breathlessly.

"She spoke to me first," said Leonidas, on the defensive.

"What did she say?"

"Wanted to know the eleckshun news," said Leonidas, with cool mendacity; "and I told her."

This improbable fiction nevertheless satisfied them. "What was she like? Oh, do tell us, Lee!" continued his sister.

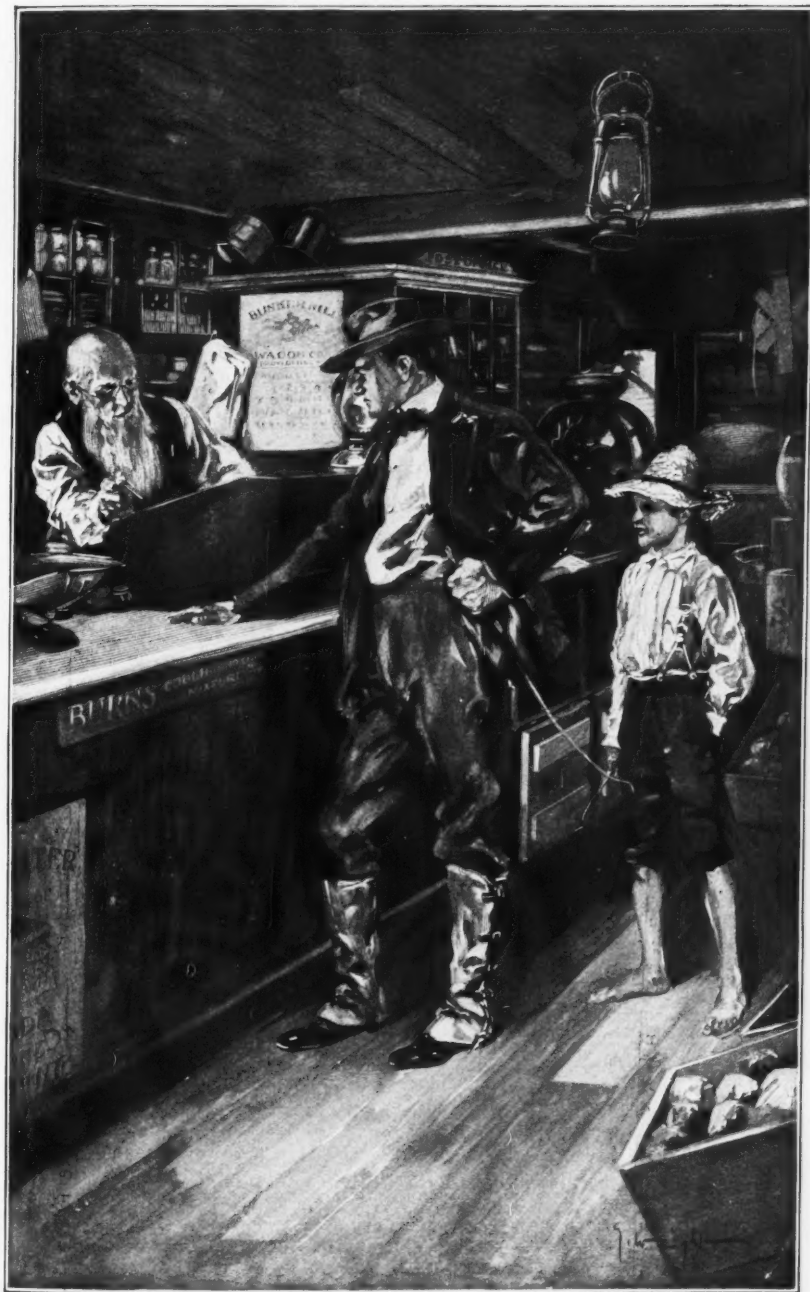
Nothing would have delighted him more than to expatiate upon her loveliness, the soft white beauty of her hands, the "cunning" little puckers around her lips, her bright, tender eyes, the angelic texture of her robes and the musical tinkle of her voice. But Leonidas had no confidant, and what healthy boy ever trusted his sister in such a matter! "You saw what she was like," he said, with evasive bluntness.

"But—Lee——"

But Lee was adamant. "Go and ask her," he said.

"Like as not you were sassy to her and she shut you up," said his sister artfully. But even this cruel suggestion, which he could have so easily flouted, did not draw him, and his ingenuous relations flounced disgustedly away.

But Leonidas was not spared any further allusion to the fair stranger, for the fact of her having spoken to him was duly reported at home, and at dinner his reticence was again sorely attacked. "Just like her, in spite of all her airs and graces, to hang out along the fence like any ordinary hired girl, jabberin' with anybody that went along the road," said his mother, incisively. He knew that she didn't like her new neighbors, so this did not surprise



Drawn by George Wright.

"I KNOW EVERY LETTER THAT COMES IN AND GOES OUTER THIS OFFICE, I RECKON."

nor greatly pain him. Neither did the prosaic facts that were now first made plain to him. His divinity was a Mrs. Burroughs, whose husband was conducting a series of mining operations and prospecting with a gang of men on the Casket Ridge. As his duty required his continual presence there, Mrs. Burroughs was forced to forego the civilized pleasures of San Francisco for a frontier life, for which she was ill fitted and in which she had no interest. All this was a vague irrelevance to Leonidas, who knew her only as a goddess in white who had been familiar to him, and kind, and to whom he was tied by the delicious joy of having a secret in common, and having done her a special favor. Healthy youth clings to its own impressions, let reason, experience, and even facts, argue ever to the contrary.

So he kept her secret and his intact, and was rewarded a few days afterward by a distant view of her walking in the garden, with a man whom he recognized as her husband. It is needless to say that, without any extraneous thought, the man suffered in Leonidas' estimation by his propinquity to the goddess and that he deemed him vastly inferior.

It was a still greater reward to his fidelity that she seized an opportunity, when her husband's head was turned, to wave her hand to him. Leonidas did not approach the fence, partly through shyness and partly through a more subtle instinct that this man was not in the secret. He was right, for only the next day, as he passed to the post-office, she called him to the fence.

"Did you see me wave my hand to you yesterday?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am—but"—he hesitated—"I didn't come up, for I didn't think you wanted me when any one else was there."

She laughed merrily, and, lifting his straw hat from his head, ran the fingers of the other hand through his damp curls. "You're the brightest, dearest boy I ever knew, Leon," she said, dropping her pretty face to the level of his own, "and I ought to have remembered it. But I don't mind telling you I was dreadfully frightened lest you might misunderstand me and come and ask for another letter—before *him*." As she emphasized the personal pronoun, her whole face seemed to change, the light of

her blue eyes became mere glittering points, her nostrils grew white and contracted, and her pretty little mouth seemed to narrow into a straight, cruel line like a cat's. "Not a word ever to *him*—of all men! Do you hear?" she said, almost brusquely. Then, seeing the concern in the boy's face, she laughed, and added explanatorily, "He's a bad, bad man, Leon, remember that."

The fact that she was speaking of her husband did not shock the boy's moral sense in the least. The sacredness of those relations, and even of blood kinship, is, I fear, not always so clear to the youthful mind as we fondly imagine. That Mr. Burroughs was a bad man to have excited this change in this lovely woman, was Leonidas' only conclusion. He remembered how his sister's soft, pretty little kitten, purring in her lap, used to get its back up and spit at the postmaster's yellow hound.

"I never wished to come unless you called me first," he said frankly.

"What?" she said, in her half-playful, half-reproachful, but wholly caressing way. "You mean to say you would never come to see me unless I sent for you? O Leon! and you'd abandon me in that way?"

But Leonidas was set in his own boyish superstition. "I'd just delight in bein' sent for by you any time, Mrs. Burroughs, and you kin always find me," he said, shyly, but doggedly; "but——" he stopped.

"What an opinionated young gentleman! Well, I see I must do all the courting. So, consider that I sent for you this morning. I've got another letter for you to mail." She put her hand to her breast, and out of the pretty frillings of her frock produced, as before, with the same faint perfume of violets, a letter like the first. But it was unsealed. "Now listen, Leon. We are going to be great friends—you and I." (Leonidas felt his cheeks glowing.) "You are going to do me another great favor—and we are going to have a little fun and a great secret all by our own selves. Now, first: have you any correspondent—you know—any one who writes to you—any boy or girl—from San Francisco?"

Leonidas' cheeks grew redder—alas!



Drawn by George Wright.

" 'HAVEN'T YOU SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING AND FOLLOWS ME?' "

from a less happy consciousness. He never received any letters; nobody ever wrote to him. He was obliged to make this shameful admission.

Mrs. Burroughs looked thoughtful. "But you have some friend in San Francisco—some one who *might* write to you?" she suggested, pleasantly.

"I knew a boy once—who went to San Francisco," said Leonidas doubtfully. "At least, he allowed he was goin' there."

"That will do," said Mrs. Burroughs. "I suppose your parents know him or of him?"

"Why," said Leonidas, "he used to live here."

"Better still. For, you see, it wouldn't be strange if he *did* write. What was the gentleman's name?"

"Jim Belcher," returned Leonidas, hesitatingly, by no means sure that the absent Belcher knew how to write. Mrs. Burroughs took a tiny pencil from her belt, opened the letter she was holding in her hand and apparently wrote the name in it. Then she folded it and sealed it, smiling charmingly at Leonidas' puzzled face.

"Now, Leon, listen—for here is the favor I am asking! Mr. Jim Belcher"—she pronounced the name with great gravity—"will write to you in a few days. But inside of *your* letter will be a little note to me, which you will bring me. You can show your letter to your family, if they want to know who it is from, but no one must see *mine*. Can you manage that?"

"Yes," said Leonidas. Then, as the whole idea flashed upon his quick intelligence, he smiled until he showed his dimples. Mrs. Burroughs leaned forward over the fence, lifted his torn straw hat and dropped a fluttering little kiss on his forehead. It seemed to the boy, flushed and rosy as a maid, as if she had left a shining star there for every one to see.

"Don't smile like that, Leon—you're positively irresistible. It will be a nice little game, won't it? Nobody in it but you and me—and Belcher! We'll outwit them yet. And you see, you'll be obliged to come to me, after all, without asking."

They both laughed; indeed, quite a dimpled, bright-eyed, rosy, innocent pair—though I think Leonidas was the most maidenly.

"And," added Leonidas with breathless eagerness, "I can sometimes write to—to—Jim—and inclose your letter."

"Angel of wisdom!—certainly. Well, now—let's see—have you got any letters for the post to-day?" He colored again—for in anticipation of meeting her he had hurried up the family post that morning. He held out his letters—she thrust her own among them. "Now," she said, laying her cool, soft hand against his hot cheek, "run along, dear. You must not be seen loitering here."

Leonidas ran off—buoyed up on ambient air. It seemed just like a fairy-book. Here he was the confidant of the most beautiful creature he had seen, and there was a mysterious letter coming to him—Leonidas—and no one to know why. And now he had a "call" to see her often—she would not forget him—he needn't loiter by the fence-post to see if she wanted him—and his boyish pride and shyness were appeased. There was no question of moral ethics raised in Leonidas' mind; he knew that it would not be the real Jim Belcher who would write to him, but that made the prospect the more attractive. Nor did another circumstance trouble his conscience. When he reached the post-office, he was surprised to see the man he knew to be Mr. Burroughs talking with the postmaster. Leonidas brushed by him and deposited his letters in the box in discreet triumph. The postmaster was evidently officially resenting some imputation on his carelessness and concluding his defense. "No, sir," he said, "you kin bet your boots that ef any letter hez gone astray for you or your wife—ye said your wife, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Burroughs hastily, with a glance around the shop.

"Well, for you or anybody at your house—it ain't here that's the fault. You hear me! I know every letter that comes in and goes out this office, I reckon, and handle 'em all"—Leonidas pricked up his ears—"and if anybody oughter know, it's me. Ye kin paste that in your hat, Mr. Burroughs." Burroughs, apparently disconcerted by the intrusion of a third party—Leonidas—upon what was evidently a private inquiry, murmured something surlily, and passed out.

Leonidas was puzzled. That big man seemed to be "snooping" around for something! He knew that he dared not touch the letter-bag—Leonidas had heard somewhere that it was a deadly crime to touch any letters after the government had got hold of them once, and he had no fears for the safety of hers—but ought he not to go back at once and tell her about her husband's visit and the alarming fact that the postmaster was personally acquainted with all the letters? He instantly saw, too, the wisdom of her inclosing her letter hereafter in another address. Yet he finally resolved not to tell her to-day—it would look like "hanging round" again; and, another secret reason, he was afraid that any allusion to her husband's interference would bring back that change in her beautiful face which he did not like. The better to resist temptation, he went back another way.

It must not be supposed that while Leonidas indulged in this secret passion for the beautiful stranger, it was to the exclusion of his boyish habits. It merely took the place of his intellectual visions and his romantic reading—he no longer carried books in his pocket on his lazy rambles. What were medieval legends of high-born ladies and their pages to this real romance of himself and Mrs. Burroughs? What were the exploits of boy captains and juvenile trappers, and the Indian maidens and Spanish señoritas, to what was now possible to himself and his divinity, here—upon Casket Ridge! The very ground around her was now consecrated to romance and adventure. Consequently he visited a few traps on his way back which he had set for "jackass rabbits" and wildcats—the latter a vindictive reprisal for aggression upon an orphan brood of mountain quail which he had taken under his protection. For, while he nourished a keen love of sport, it was controlled by a boy's larger understanding of nature; a pantheistic sympathy with bird and beast and plant, which made him keenly alive to the strange cruelties of creation, revealed to him some queer animal feuds, and made him a chivalrous partisan of the weaker. He had even gone out of his way to defend, by ingenious contrivances of his own, the hoard of a golden squirrel and the treasures of some wild bees

from a predatory bear, although it did not prevent him later from capturing the squirrel by an equally ingenious contrivance and from eventually eating some of the honey. He was late home that evening. But this was "vacation"; the district school was closed, and but for the household "chores" which occupied his early mornings, each long summer day was a holiday. So two or three passed, and then one morning, on his going to the post-office, the postmaster threw down upon the counter a real and rather bulky letter, duly stamped and addressed to Mr. Leonidas Boone! Leonidas was too discreet to open it before witnesses, but in the solitude of the trail home broke the seal. It contained another letter with no address—clearly the one *she* expected—and, more marvelous still, a sheaf of trout-hooks with delicate gut snells such as Leonidas had dared only to dream of. The letter to himself was written in a clear, distinct hand and ran as follows:—

"DEAR LEE: How are you getting on on old Casket Ridge? It seems a coon's age since you and me was together, and times I get to think I must run up and see you! We're having bully times in Frisco you bet!—though there ain't anything wild worth shucks to go to see—cept the Sea Lions at the Cliff House. They're just stunning—big as a grizzly and bigger—climbing over a big rock or swimming in the sea like an otter or muskrat. I'm sending you some snells and hooks, such as you can't get at Casket. Use the fine ones for pot holes and the bigger ones for running water or falls. Let me know when you've got 'em. Write to Lock Box No. 1290, thats where Dads letters come. So no more at present, from

"Yours truly,

"JIM BELCHER."

Not only did Leonidas know that this was not from the real Jim, but he felt the vague contact of a new, charming and original personality that fascinated him. Of course it was only natural that one of *her* friends—as he must be—should be equally delightful. There was no jealousy in Leonidas' devotion; he knew only a joy in this fellowship of admiration for her which he was satisfied that the other boy must

feel. And only the right kind of boy could know the importance of his ravishing gift, and this Jim was evidently "no slouch"! Yet in Leonidas' new joy he did not forget *her*! He ran back to the stockade fence and lounged upon the road in view of the house, but she did not appear. He lingered on the top of the hill, ostentatiously examining a young hickory for a green switch, but to no effect. Then it suddenly occurred to him that she might be staying in purposely, and, perhaps a little piqued by her indifference, he ran off. There was a mountain stream hard by, now dwindled in the summer drouth to a mere trickling thread among the boulders, and there was a certain "pot hole" that he had long known. It was the lurking-place of a phenomenal trout—an almost historic fish in the district, which had long resisted the attempts of such rude sportsmen as miners, or even experts like himself. Few had seen it except as a vague, shadowy bulk in the four feet of depth and gloom in which it hid; only once had Leonidas' quick eye feasted on its fair proportions. On that memorable occasion, Leonidas, having exhausted every kind of lure of painted fly and living bait, was rising from his knees behind the bank when a pink five-cent stamp, dislodged from his pocket, fluttered in the air and descended slowly upon the still pool. Horrified at his loss, Leonidas leaned over to recover it, when there was a flash like lightning in the black depths, a dozen changes of light and shadow on the surface, a little whirling wave splashing against the sides of the rock—and the postage-stamp was gone. More than that—for one instant the trout remained visible, stationary and expectant! Whether it was the instinct of sport or whether the fish had detected a new, subtle and original flavor in the gum and paper, Leonidas never knew. Alas! he had not another stamp; he was obliged to leave the fish, but carried a brilliant idea away with him. Ever since then he had cherished it—and another extra stamp in his pocket. And now, with this strong but gossamer-like snell, this new hook, and this freshly cut hickory rod—he would make the trial!

But fate was against him! He had scarcely descended the narrow trail to the pine-fringed margin of the stream, before

his quick ear detected an unusual rustling through the adjacent underbrush, and then a voice that startled him. It was *hers*! In an instant all thought of sport had fled. With a beating heart, half-opened lips and uplifted lashes, Leonidas awaited the coming of his divinity, like a timorous virgin at her first tryst.

But Mrs. Burroughs was clearly not in an equally responsive mood. With her fair face reddened by the sun, the damp tendrils of her unwound hair clinging to her forehead, and her smart little slippers red with dust, there was also a querulous light in her eyes and a still more querulous pinch in her nostrils, as she stood panting before him.

"You tiresome boy!" she gasped, holding one little hand to her side as she gripped her brambled skirt around her ankles with the other. "Why didn't you wait? Why did you make me run all this distance after you?"

Leonidas timidly and poignantly protested. He had waited—before the house and on the hill; he thought she didn't want him.

"Couldn't you see that *that man* kept me in?" she went on peevishly. "Haven't you sense enough to know that he suspects something and follows me everywhere, dogging my footsteps every time the post comes in, and even going to the post-office himself, to make sure that he sees all my letters?"

"Well," she added impatiently, "have you anything for me? Why don't you speak?"

Crushed and remorseful, Leonidas produced her letter. She almost snatched it from his hand, opened it, read a few lines, and her face changed. A smile strayed from her eyes to her lips, and back again. Leonidas' heart was lifted; she was so forgiving and so beautiful!

"Is he a boy, Mrs. Burroughs?" asked Leonidas, shyly.

"Well—not exactly," she said, her charming face all radiant again. "He's older than you. What has he written to you?"

Leonidas put his letter in her hand for reply. "I wish I could see him, you know," he said shyly. "That letter's bully—it's just rats! I like him pow'ful."



Drawn by
George Wright.

Mrs. Burroughs had skimmed through the letter, but not interestedly. "You mustn't like him more than you like me," she said laughingly, caressing him with her voice and eyes, and even her straying hand.

"I couldn't do that! I never could like anybody as I like you," said Leonidas gravely. There was that appalling truthfulness in the boy's voice and frankly opened eyes, that the woman could not evade it, and was for an instant disconcerted.

But she presently started up with a vexatious cry. "There's that wretch following me again, I do believe," she said, staring at the hilltop. "Yes! Look, Leon, he's turning to come down this trail.

What's to be done? He mustn't see me here!"

Leonidas looked. It was indeed Mr. Burroughs—but he was evidently only taking a short cut toward the Ridge, where his men were working; Leonidas had seen him take it before. But it was the principal trail on the steep hillside, and they must eventually meet. A man might evade it by scrambling through the brush to a lower and rougher trail, but a woman, never! But an idea had seized Leonidas. "I can stop him," he said confidently to her. "You just lie low here behind that rock till I come back. He hasn't seen you yet."

She had barely time to draw back before Leonidas darted down the trail toward her husband. Yet, in her intense curi-

"THE SNAKE
REMAINED POISED IN
AIR AS IF STIFFENED
TO STONE."

osity, she leaned out the next moment, to watch him. He paused at last, not far from the approaching figure, and seemed to kneel down on the trail. What was he doing? Her husband was still slowly advancing. Suddenly he stopped. At the same moment she heard their voices in excited parley, and then, to her amazement, she saw her husband scramble hurriedly down the trail to the lower level, and, with an occa-

sional backward glance, hasten away until he had passed beyond her view.

She could scarcely realize her narrow escape, when Leonidas stood by her side.

"How did you do it?" she said eagerly.

"With a rattler," said the boy gravely.

"With a what?"

"A rattlesnake—pizen snake, you know."

"A rattlesnake?" she said, staring at Leonidas, with a quick snatching away of her skirts.

The boy, who seemed to have forgotten her in his other abstraction of adventure, now turned quickly with devoted eyes and a reassuring smile. "Yes! But I wouldn't let him hurt you," he said gently.

"But what did you do?"

He looked at her curiously. "You won't be frightened if I show you?" he said doubtfully. "There's nothin' to be afereed of s'long as you're with me," he added proudly.

"Yes—that is——" she stammered; and then, her curiosity getting the better of her fear, she whispered, "Show me quick!"

He led the way up the narrow trail until he stopped where he had knelt before. It was a narrow, sunny ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for a single person to pass. He silently pointed to a cleft in the rock, and kneeling down again, began to whistle in a soft, fluttering way. There was a moment of suspense, and then she was conscious of an awful gliding something—a movement so measured yet so exquisitely graceful that she stood enthralled. A narrow, flattened, expressionless head was followed by a foot-long strip of yellow-barred scales; then there was a pause, and the head turned, in a beautifully symmetrical half-circle, toward the whistler. The whistling ceased; the snake, with half its body out of the cleft, remained poised in air as if stiffened to stone.

"There," said Leonidas quietly; "that's what Mr. Burroughs saw—and that's *why* he scooted off the trail. I just called out William Henry—I call him 'William Henry,' and he knows his name—and then I sang out to Mr. Burroughs what was up—and it was lucky I did, for the next moment he'd have been on top of him and have been struck—for rattlers don't give way to any one,"

"Oh, why didn't you let——" she stopped herself quickly, but could not stop the fierce glint in her eye nor the sharp curve in her nostril. Luckily Leonidas did not see this, being preoccupied with his other graceful charmer—William Henry.

"But how did you know it was here?" said Mrs. Burroughs, recovering herself.

"Fetched him here," said Leonidas briefly.

"What—in your hands?" she said, drawing back.

"No! made him follow! I *have* handled him, but it was after I've first made him strike his pizen out upon a stick. Ye know after he strikes four times, he ain't got any pizen left. Then ye kin do anythin' with him—and he knows it. He knows me—you bet. Lordy! I've been three months trainin' him. Look!—don't be frightened," he said, as Mrs. Burroughs drew hurriedly back—"see him mind me. Now, scoot home, William Henry!" He accompanied the command with a slow, dominant movement of the hickory rod he was carrying. The snake dropped its head, and slid noiselessly out of the cleft across the trail and down the hill.

"Thinks my rod is witch-hazel—which rattlers can't abide," continued Leonidas, dropping into a boy's breathless, abbreviated speech. "Lives down your way—just back of your farm. Show ye some day. Suns himself on a flat stone every day—always cold—never can get warm. Eh?"

She had not spoken, but was gazing into space with a breathless rigidity of attitude and a fixed look in her eye, not unlike that in the motionless orbs of the reptile which had glided away.

"Does anybody else know you keep him?" she asked.

"Nary one. I never showed him to anybody but you," replied the boy.

"Don't. You must show me where he hides, to-morrow," she said, in her old laughing way. "And now, Leon, I must go back to the house."

"May I write to him—to Jim Belcher, Mrs. Burroughs?" said the boy timidly.

"Certainly. And come to me to-morrow with your letter—I will have mine ready. Good-by." She stopped and glanced at the trail. "And you say that if that man had kept on, the snake would have bitten him?"

"Sure pop!—if he'd trod on him, as he was sure to. The snake wouldn't have known he didn't mean it. It's only natural," continued Leonidas, with glowing partisanship for the gentle and absent William Henry. "You wouldn't like to be trodden upon, Mrs. Burroughs?"

"No!—I'd strike out!" she said quickly. She made a rapid motion forward with her low forehead and level head, leaving it rigid the next moment, so that it reminded him of the snake, and he laughed. At which she laughed too, and tripped away.

Leonidas went back and caught his trout. But even this triumph did not remove a vague sense of disappointment which had come over him. He had often pictured to himself a heaven-sent meeting with her in the woods, a walk with her, alone, where he could pick her the rarest flowers and herbs and show her his woodland friends—and it had ended only in this—and an exhibition of William Henry! He ought to have saved *her* from something, and not her husband. Yet he had no ill feeling for Burroughs—only a desire to circumvent him, on behalf of the unprotected, as he would have baffled a hawk or a wildcat. He went home in dismal spirits, but later that evening constructed a boyish letter of thanks to the apocryphal Belcher, and told him all about—the trout!

He brought her his letter the next day, and received hers to inclose. She was pleasant, her own charming self again, but she seemed more interested in other things than himself, as for instance the docile William Henry, whose hiding-place he showed and whose few tricks she made him exhibit to her—and which the gratified Leonidas accepted as a delicate form of flattery to himself. But his yearning, innocent spirit detected a something lacking, which he was too proud to admit even to himself. It was his own fault; he ought to have waited for her and not gone for the trout!

So a fortnight passed with an interchange of the vicarious letters, and brief, hopeful and disappointing meetings to Leonidas. To add to his unhappiness, he was forced to listen to sneering disparagement of his goddess from his family, and criticisms which happily his innocence did not comprehend. It was his own mother who ac-

cused her of shamefully "making up" to the good-looking expressman at church last Sunday, and declared that Burroughs ought to "look after that wife of his"—two statements which the simple Leonidas could not reconcile. He had seen the incident and only thought her more lovely than ever. Why should not the expressman think so too? And yet the boy was not happy; something intruded upon his sports, upon his books, making them dull and vapid, and yet that something was she! He grew pale and preoccupied. If he had only some one in whom to confide—some one who could explain his hopes and fears. That one was nearer than he thought!

It was quite three weeks since the rattlesnake incident, and he was wandering moodily over Casket Ridge. He was near the Casket—that abrupt upheaval of quartz and gneiss, shaped like a coffin, from which the mountain took its name. It was a favorite haunt of Leonidas, one of whose boyish superstitions was that it contained a treasure of gold, and one of whose brightest dreams had been that he should yet discover it! This he did not do to-day, but, looking up from the rocks that he was listlessly examining, he made the almost as thrilling discovery that near him on the trail was a distinguished-looking stranger!

He was bestriding a shapely mustang, which well became his handsome face and slight, elegant figure, and he was looking at Leonidas with an amused curiosity, and a certain easy assurance that was difficult to withstand. It was with the same fascinating self-confidence of smile, voice and manner that he rode up to the boy and, leaning lightly over his saddle, said with exaggerated politeness, "I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Leonidas Boone?"

The rising color in Leonidas' face was apparently a sufficient answer to the stranger, for he continued smilingly: "Then permit me to introduce myself as Mr. James Belcher. As you perceive, I have grown considerably since you last saw me. In fact, I've done nothing else. It's surprising what a fellow can do when he sets his mind on one thing. And then, you know, they're always telling you that San Francisco is a 'growing place.' That accounts for it!"

Leonidas, dazed, dazzled, but delighted, showed all his white teeth in a shy laugh. At which the enchanting stranger leaped from his horse, like a very boy, drew his arm through the rein, and, going up to Leonidas, lifted the boy's straw hat from his head and ran his fingers through his curls. There was nothing original in that—everybody did that to him as a preliminary to conversation. But when this ingenuous fine gentleman put his own Panama hat on Leonidas' head and clapped Leonidas' torn straw on his own, and, passing his arm through the boy's, began to walk on with him, Leonidas' simple heart went out to him at once.

"And now, Leon," said the delightful stranger, "let's you and me have a talk. There's a nice cool spot under these laurels—I'll stake out Pepita—and we'll just lie off there and gab, and not care if school keeps or not."

"But you know you ain't really Jim Belcher," said the boy shyly.

"I'm as good a man as he is any day, whoever I *am*," said the stranger with humorous defiance, "and can lick him out of his boots, whoever *he* is. That ought to satisfy you. But if you want my certificate, here's your own letter, old man," he said, producing Leonidas' last scrawl from his pocket.

"And *hers*?" said the boy cautiously.

The stranger's face changed a little. "And *hers*," he repeated gravely, showing a little pink note which Leonidas recognized as one of Mrs. Burroughs' inclosures. The boy was silent until they reached the laurels, where the stranger tethered his horse and then threw himself in an easy attitude beneath the tree, with the back of his head upon his clasped hands. Leonidas could see his curved brown mustachios, and silky lashes that were almost as long, and thought him the handsomest man he had ever beheld.

"Well, Lee," said the stranger, stretching himself out comfortably and pulling the boy down beside him; "how are things going on the Casket? All serene, eh?"

The inquiry so dismally recalled Leonidas' late feelings that his face clouded and he involuntarily sighed. The stranger instantly shifted his head and gazed curiously at him. Then he took the boy's

sunburnt hand in his own and held it a moment. "Well, go on," he said.

"Well, Mr.—Mr.— I can't go on—I won't!" said Leonidas, with a sudden fit of obstinacy. "I don't know what to call you."

"Call me 'Jack'—'Jack Hamlin' when you're not in a hurry. Ever heard of me before?" he added, suddenly turning his head toward Leonidas.

The boy shook his head. "No."

Mr. Jack Hamlin lifted his lashes in affected expostulation to the skies. "And this is fame!" he murmured audibly.

But this Leonidas did not comprehend. Nor could he understand why the stranger, who clearly must have come to see *her*, should not ask about her, should not rush to seek her, but should lie back there all the while so contentedly on the grass. *He* wouldn't. He half resented it, and then it occurred to him that this fine gentleman was like himself, shy. Who could help being so before such an angel? *He* would help him on.

And so, shyly at first, but bit by bit emboldened by a word or two from Jack, he began to talk of her—of her beauty—of her kindness—of his own unworthiness—of what she had said and done—until, finding in this gracious stranger the vent his pent-up feelings so long had sought, he sang then and there the little idyl of his boyish life. He told of his decline in her affections after his unpardonable sin in keeping her waiting while he went for the trout, and added the miserable mistake of the rattlesnake episode. "For it was a mistake, Mr. Hamlin. I oughtn't to have let a lady like that know anything about snakes—just because *I* happen to know them."

"It *was* an awful slump, Lee," said Hamlin gravely. "Get a woman and a snake together—and where are you? Think of Adam and Eve and the serpent, you know."

"But it wasn't that way," said the boy earnestly. "And I want to tell you something else that's just makin' me sick, Mr. Hamlin. I told you William Henry lives down at the bottom of Burroughs' garden, and how I showed Mrs. Burroughs his tricks. Well, only two days ago I was down there looking for him. and



Drawn by
George Wright.

"'CALL ME 'JACK'—'JACK HAMLIN'
WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN A HURRY.'"

couldn't find him anywhere. There's a sort of narrow trail from the garden to the hill, a short cut up to the Ridge instead o' going by their gate. It's just the trail any one would take in a hurry, or if they didn't want to be seen from the road. Well! I was lookin' this way and that for William Henry, and whistlin' for him, when I slipped onto the trail. There, in the middle of it, was an old bucket turned upside down—just the thing a man would kick away or a woman lift up. Well, Mr. Hamlin, I kicked it away, and"—the boy stopped, with rounded eyes and bated breath, and added—"I just had time to give one jump and save myself! For under that pail, cramped down so he couldn't get out and just bilin' over with rage, and chockfull of pizen—was William Henry! If it had been anybody else less spry,

they'd have got bitten—and that's just what the sneak who put it there knew."

Mr. Hamlin uttered an exclamation under his breath, and rose to his feet. "What did you say?" asked the boy quickly.

"Nothing," said Mr. Hamlin. But it had sounded to Leonidas like "By God!" Mr. Hamlin walked a few steps as if stretching his limbs, and then said, "And you think Burroughs would have been bitten?"

"Why, no!" said Leonidas, in astonished indignation; "of course not, not Burroughs. It would have been poor Mrs. Burroughs. For of course *he* set that trap

for her—don't you see? Who else would do it?"

"Of course! Of course! Certainly," said Mr. Hamlin coolly. "Of course, as you say, *he* set the trap—yes—you just hang on to that idea."

But something in Mr. Hamlin's manner, and a peculiar look in his eye, did not satisfy Leonidas. "Are you going to see her now?" he said eagerly. "I can show you the house, and then run in and tell her you're outside, in the laurels."

"Not just yet," said Mr. Hamlin, laying his hand on the boy's head, after having restored his own hat. "You see, I thought of giving her a surprise! A big surprise!" he added slowly. After a pause, he went on, "Did you tell her what you had seen?"

"Of course I did," said Leonidas reproachfully. "Did you think I was going to let her get bit? It might have killed her."

"And it might not have been an unmixed pleasure for William Henry. I mean," said Mr. Hamlin gravely, correcting himself, "*you* would never have forgiven him. But what did she say?"

The boy's face clouded. "She thanked me and said it was very thoughtful—and—kind—though it might have been only an accident"—he stammered—"and then she said perhaps I was hanging round and coming there a little too much lately, and that as Burroughs was very watchful I'd better quit for two or three days." The tears were rising to his eyes, but by putting his two clenched fists into his pockets he managed to hold them down. Perhaps Mr. Hamlin's soft hand on his head assisted him. Mr. Hamlin took from his pocket a note-book and, tearing out a leaf, sat down again and began to write on his knee. After a pause, Leonidas said:

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Hamlin?"

"Never," said Mr. Hamlin, quietly continuing to write. "But now you speak of it, it's a long-felt want in my nature that I intend to supply some day. But not until I have made my pile. And don't *you*, either!" He continued writing, for it was this gentleman's peculiarity to talk without, apparently, the slightest concern whether anybody else spoke, whether he was listened to, or whether his remarks were at all relevant to the case. Yet he

was always listened to for that reason. When he had finished writing, he put the paper in an envelope and addressed it.

"Shall I take it to her?" said Leonidas eagerly.

"It's not for *her*—it's for him, Mr. Burroughs," said Mr. Hamlin quietly.

The boy drew back. "To get him out of the way," added Hamlin explanatorily. "When he gets it, lightning wouldn't keep him here. Now how to send it?"

"You might leave it at the post-office," said Leonidas timidly. "He always goes there to watch his wife's letters."

For the first time in their interview, Mr. Hamlin distinctly laughed. "Your head is level, Lee, and I'll do it. Now the best thing you can do, follow Mrs. Burroughs' advice—quit going to the house for a day or two." He walked toward his horse.

The boy's face sank, but he kept up bravely. "And will I see you again?" he said wistfully.

Mr. Hamlin lowered his face so near the boy's that Leonidas could see himself in the brown depths of Mr. Hamlin's eyes. "I hope you will," he said gravely. He mounted, shook the boy's hand and rode away in the lengthening shadows. Then Leonidas walked sadly home.

There was no need for him to keep his promise. For the next morning the family were stirred by the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs had left Casket Ridge that night by the down stage for Sacramento, and that the house was closed. There were various rumors concerning the reason of this sudden departure, but only one was persistent, and borne out by the postmaster. It was that Mr. Burroughs had received that afternoon an anonymous note that his wife was about to elope with the notorious San Francisco gambler, Jack Hamlin.

But Leonidas Boone, albeit half understanding, kept his miserable secret, with a still hopeful and trustful heart. It grieved him a little that William Henry was found a few days later dead, with his head crushed. Yet it was not until years later, when he had made a successful "prospect" on Casket Ridge, that he met Mr. Hamlin in San Francisco, and knew that he had played the part of Mercury upon that "heaven-kissing hill."

The PRIZE CREW ON "L'INSURGENTE"

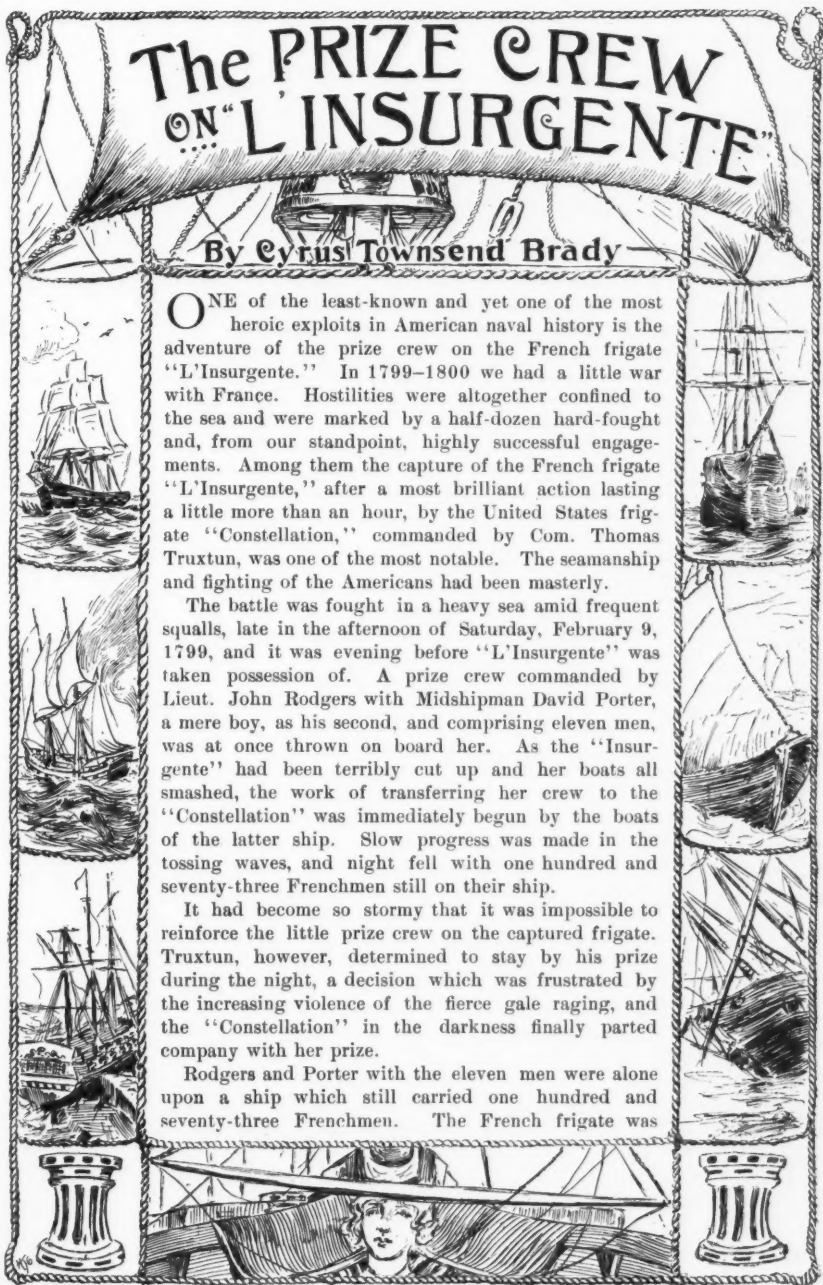
By Cyrus Townsend Brady

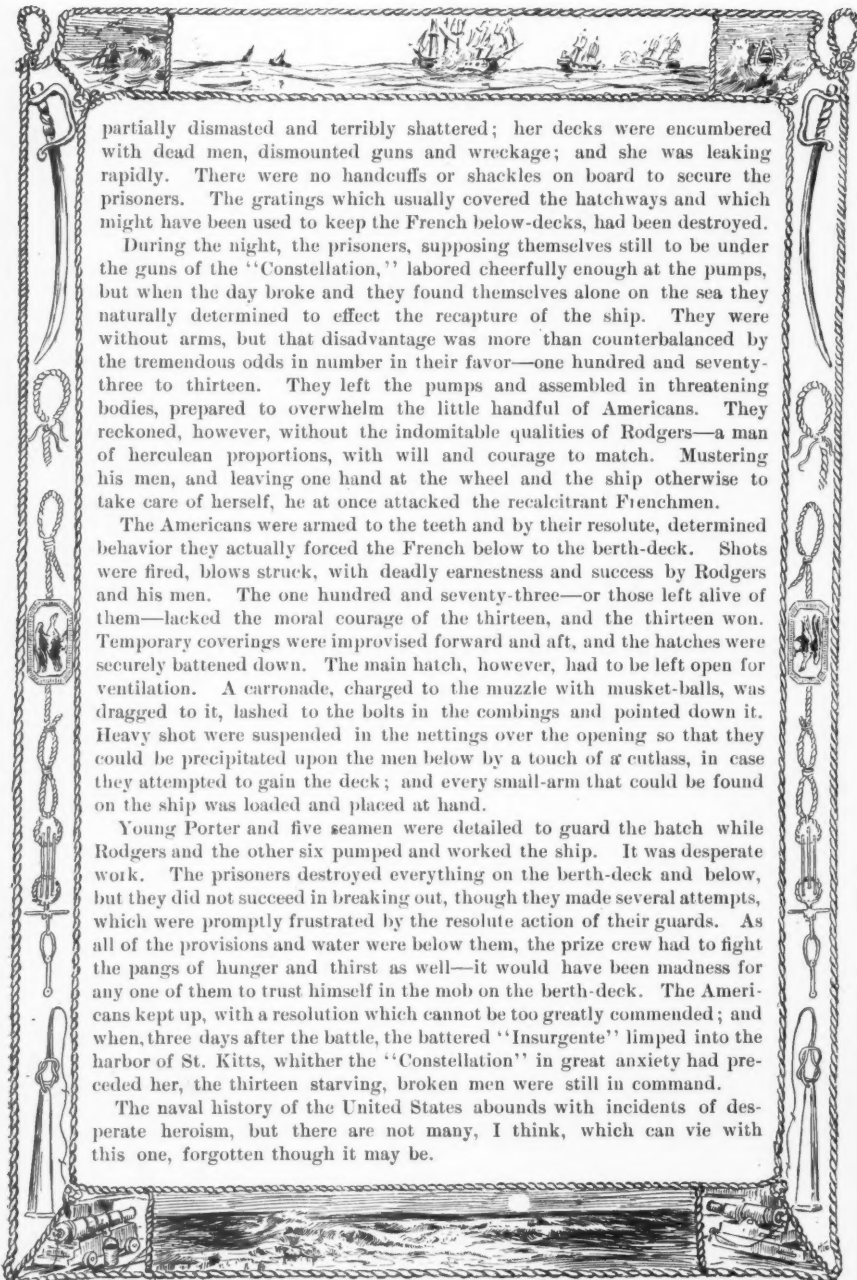
ONE of the least-known and yet one of the most heroic exploits in American naval history is the adventure of the prize crew on the French frigate "L'Insurgente." In 1799-1800 we had a little war with France. Hostilities were altogether confined to the sea and were marked by a half-dozen hard-fought and, from our standpoint, highly successful engagements. Among them the capture of the French frigate "L'Insurgente," after a most brilliant action lasting a little more than an hour, by the United States frigate "Constellation," commanded by Com. Thomas Truxtun, was one of the most notable. The seamanship and fighting of the Americans had been masterly.

The battle was fought in a heavy sea amid frequent squalls, late in the afternoon of Saturday, February 9, 1799, and it was evening before "L'Insurgente" was taken possession of. A prize crew commanded by Lieut. John Rodgers with Midshipman David Porter, a mere boy, as his second, and comprising eleven men, was at once thrown on board her. As the "Insurgente" had been terribly cut up and her boats all smashed, the work of transferring her crew to the "Constellation" was immediately begun by the boats of the latter ship. Slow progress was made in the tossing waves, and night fell with one hundred and seventy-three Frenchmen still on their ship.

It had become so stormy that it was impossible to reinforce the little prize crew on the captured frigate. Truxtun, however, determined to stay by his prize during the night, a decision which was frustrated by the increasing violence of the fierce gale raging, and the "Constellation" in the darkness finally parted company with her prize.

Rodgers and Porter with the eleven men were alone upon a ship which still carried one hundred and seventy-three Frenchmen. The French frigate was





partially dismasted and terribly shattered; her decks were encumbered with dead men, dismounted guns and wreckage; and she was leaking rapidly. There were no handcuffs or shackles on board to secure the prisoners. The gratings which usually covered the hatchways and which might have been used to keep the French below-decks, had been destroyed.

During the night, the prisoners, supposing themselves still to be under the guns of the "Constellation," labored cheerfully enough at the pumps, but when the day broke and they found themselves alone on the sea they naturally determined to effect the recapture of the ship. They were without arms, but that disadvantage was more than counterbalanced by the tremendous odds in number in their favor—one hundred and seventy-three to thirteen. They left the pumps and assembled in threatening bodies, prepared to overwhelm the little handful of Americans. They reckoned, however, without the indomitable qualities of Rodgers—a man of herculean proportions, with will and courage to match. Mustering his men, and leaving one hand at the wheel and the ship otherwise to take care of herself, he at once attacked the recalcitrant Frenchmen.

The Americans were armed to the teeth and by their resolute, determined behavior they actually forced the French below to the berth-deck. Shots were fired, blows struck, with deadly earnestness and success by Rodgers and his men. The one hundred and seventy-three—or those left alive of them—lacked the moral courage of the thirteen, and the thirteen won. Temporary coverings were improvised forward and aft, and the hatches were securely battened down. The main hatch, however, had to be left open for ventilation. A carronade, charged to the muzzle with musket-balls, was dragged to it, lashed to the bolts in the combings and pointed down it. Heavy shot were suspended in the nettings over the opening so that they could be precipitated upon the men below by a touch of a cutlass, in case they attempted to gain the deck; and every small-arm that could be found on the ship was loaded and placed at hand.

Young Porter and five seamen were detailed to guard the hatch while Rodgers and the other six pumped and worked the ship. It was desperate work. The prisoners destroyed everything on the berth-deck and below, but they did not succeed in breaking out, though they made several attempts, which were promptly frustrated by the resolute action of their guards. As all of the provisions and water were below them, the prize crew had to fight the pangs of hunger and thirst as well—it would have been madness for any one of them to trust himself in the mob on the berth-deck. The Americans kept up, with a resolution which cannot be too greatly commended; and when, three days after the battle, the battered "Insurgente" limped into the harbor of St. Kitts, whither the "Constellation" in great anxiety had preceded her, the thirteen starving, broken men were still in command.

The naval history of the United States abounds with incidents of desperate heroism, but there are not many, I think, which can vie with this one, forgotten though it may be.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

RODGERS AND PORTER FORCING THE FRENCH PRISONERS BELOW-DECKS.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECENT ART.

BY GIRARDET, ASTI, KOCH, BISSON, PEREZ AND ETCHEVERRY.



Copyright, 1900, Berlin Photographic Co.

"OVERTAKEN BY THE SHOWER."—PAINTED BY J. GIRARDET.



Copyright, 1900, Fraum, Clément & Co.

"SPRING."—PAINTED BY A. ASTI.



Copyright, 1900, Berlin Photographic Co.

"CONSULTING THE ORACLE."—PAINTED BY HERMANN KOCH.



Copyright, 1900, Berlin Photographic Co.

"THE SHEPHERD'S STAR."—PAINTED BY EDOUARD BISSON.



Copyright, 1901, Braun, Clement & Co.

"THE LETTER-WRITER."—PAINTED BY ALONSO PEREZ.



Copyright, 1900, Berlin Photographic Co.

"CONSULTATION,"—PAINTED BY DENIS ETCHEVERRY.



Drawn by F. M. Ashe.

"'MAY I SEE THE BABY, MA'AM?' SAID BRIDGET."

CONSTANCE WEATHERELL AND BRIDGET BRADY.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

"**T**HEN, Doctor, you will arrange it for me?" Mrs. Dick Weatherell drew up the rose-embroidered cover over her feet. Her slippers were thin, her silken stockings were open-work; she was not strong enough yet to be imprudent.

"As you please, madame," Doctor Sands answered dryly; "but have you thought of the sacrifice?"

"Sacrifice, Doctor?" Mrs. Weatherell opened her large brown eyes. "I am sure I do not know what sacrifice it will be. It will save me a lot of bother, and the child will be just as well; better, in fact, for you will get a strong, robust, healthy woman. Remember, I depend on you for that."

"I have just the woman you desire in view, madame, young and healthy, with a child three months old. I am most anxious to find a place for her; her husband was killed shortly before her child was born, and she is in great need. If you insist, I can procure her at once; but I feel in duty bound to remind you that you are perverting the laws of Nature and running contrary to the Almighty's will."

Mrs. Weatherell opened her eyes a trifle wider. "My dear Doctor, you are of course a privileged character, and have always been; but—then—so am I;" and she smiled at the doctor. "If you can calmly sit there and by virtue of your gray hairs and our long acquaintance call me a godless lawbreaker, I may be allowed politely to remind you that you are old-fashioned and distinctly behind the age. Women don't nurse their children any more; they have entirely too much regard for their figures."

"I should like to know what the Lord gave mothers to children for, if he didn't intend them to look after them. Why do you suppose he supplied the well-springs of nourishment in the mother's breast, if it was to go to waste, be dried up at its fount—an unholy abortion of natural laws? Can you tell me why?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Constance; she was bored.

Doctor Sands was getting tiresome;

there were certain difficulties in having a doctor one had known from girlhood. How much more interesting to have that dashing young Deerforth, who was so popular! But Dick would not let her change.

There was, however, an old-fashioned gallantry about Doctor Sands, usually, that somewhat mitigated the situation.

Constance had a measure of satisfaction in knowing that generally he looked with indulgent amusement upon her; at the same time, there was often a sharpness and asperity about him which gave her the opportunity of good practice in the hour she was exiled from her normal field. It kept her in training, so to speak, to win him from his formal "Madame," which marked disapprobation, to the familiar "Constance," which he had called her from a child. When she accomplished this, she thought she hoodwinked him; but perhaps the shrewd old doctor was cleverer than she thought, in that he hoodwinked her by letting her think she hoodwinked him.

"Constance," he said, as though he had resolved to forego persuasion and try appeal, "your mother had ten children and she nursed every one——"

"Yes, and my mother made cake, did up the preserves, and made all my clothes with her own hands: would you advise me to do the same? Does that look like it?"

Constance held up her hand and turned it round and round in the light. It was white, with long pink nails, the art of the manicure. The flash of her ruby caught the light, and she turned the hand back and forth to get its glint, forgetting the doctor and the conversation for the moment, in the absorption of her jewel.

"You might do worse," the doctor grunted.

When she was tired of the play of light upon her ruby, she came back to the subject, laughing.

"Why, Doctor, as I remember my mother she was an old woman. I used to think of her as the 'Ancient of Days'; her hair

was plastered down to her head, she wore caps, and she was not over fifty when she died. Times have changed—you are the only thing that has not changed, Doctor"; and Constance blew him a kiss with her white hand, which brought the ruby again into the light. "Why, Mrs. Fowler, who led the last cotillion I went to—before I was ill—must be at least fifty-two or -three. That is the way it should be. I am sure it cannot be according to your friend the Almighty's will that woman should curtail her life."

"It depends upon what life is."

"Of course, mama didn't really know anything about life. She was a dear, but she was very primitive."

The doctor rose. "Then you insist upon abandoning your child?"

"Abandoning my child? Doctor! Don't put it in that brutal way; it sounds very unpleasant. You make me feel like a Hottentot! It is merely that I want a clean, healthy, virtuous wet-nurse for Constance, so that I may have more time and freedom to look after her other interests, preparatory to her growing-up."

"In society, you mean?"

"Precisely. Feeding a child is merely an animal function—the function of a cow."

"And propitiating the golden calf and laying up fleshpots is a spiritual function, I presume."

"Now, Doctor, you are cross! Please be pleasant; I am very weak yet."

"Very well, Constance," said the doctor, ignoring her blandishments, "I will get the woman, though I distinctly disapprove of it, both as your physician and as your friend."

He went out in none of the best of humors, and went at once to Bridget Brady's.

Few things are stranger in a great city than the juxtaposition of the rich and the poor, the close proximity of the extremes of life. The doctor had not gone two squares from the luxurious residence of the Weatherells, before he was amid squalor and destitution, face to face with life that was as different from the one which he had just left as hunger is from plenty.

He drove about twelve squares, stopped at a huge tenement-house and ran quickly

up the long flights of stairs. He rapped, and opened the door almost before the answer, "Come in," had reached him.

"Hurrah, Bridget, I have a place for you," he said.

Bridget sat nursing her baby. The doctor, who was not given to sentiment, thought he had seen many a madonna that had set the art-world mad which was not as tenderly lovely as Bridget Brady looked at that moment.

Her wild-rose Irish skin, her clear, true blue eyes, the child nestling its little head to the full, round, white, curving breast, made a beauty that the bare walls, the poverty-poor room, could not mar.

"Well, Bridget," the doctor said in chipper tones, "what is up? Here I have come in hot haste with my good news—couldn't wait until I had time to come—and you look as down-hearted as the dumps. Cheer up, cheer up, my girl; what is the matter? Anything happened?"

Two big tears came into Bridget's eyes.

"No, sir, only now that it's come to the point, I don't see as how I can do it, sir."

"Do what?"

"Leave Bridgie, sir. She is the darlin' of me life, and since Mike died she is all I've got, and it seems to me wicked-like to give to another what belongs to her."

She looked down at the child at her breast.

"But, Bridget, that isn't the way to think about it. Just remember that you are doing it for Bridgie. You are as clean and sound as a whistle, but you aren't a John L. Sullivan. You are made of finer clay than some of your friends. You couldn't do washing or scrubbing and nurse Bridgie in the bargain, and do her any justice. She would get sick sure as shooting; and you know as well as I do that no one will give you a permanent position and take the baby too. Brace up and be a sensible girl. Give Bridgie to some good, kind woman and take the place I have secured for you. You will get forty-five dollars; think of that. Why, you can lay up quite a fortune. It's only a question of a year, anyway; depend upon it, Bridgie will be better off than if you tried to nurse her and work at the same time."

"Well, sir, what's got to be 's got to be," said Bridget.

There is often more philosophy among the poor than the sages know with all their discourses.

"But, see here, Bridget, you understand that if you take this position, it is not like others; you are bound to keep it, and, my girl, you cannot expect the hours and the outings that others have in other positions. You will have to make up your mind to keep away from Bridgie pretty much. You know a wet-nurse's position is different from others; it is a great trust to take a little baby and make it dependent upon you for life; if you do it, you must abide by the consequences."

"That's so, sir; I have thought of all that, and if I do it, I'll do it. But, oh, Holy Mother, it is hard, sir."

The doctor made the practical arrangements, and hastened away.

Bridget sat where he had left her, in silence for a while; hot tears splashed upon the soft little fuzzy head at her breast. Then she began softly to croon to the child.

"O me darlin', me darlin', to think of any other little head lying there! To think of any other little lips sucking that breast! What ever will I do—what ever will I do—what ever will I do? But only to think of the poor mother that can't nurse her own child; how hard it must be for her—God help her! She so rich, with everything on earth, and then to think she has such a dreadful cross to bear—to have to give her baby to a stranger to nurse! Sure, I will try to make it as easy for her as possible."

When Bridget Brady had her interview with Constance Weatherell, she was thrilled by the beauty of the vision. Bridget had never come in close contact with anything so splendid.

Constance half reclined upon her couch, supported by pillows, wearing an incomparable gown of lavender and rose-color, with intricacies of lace and ribbons; her long white hand was resting on a little embroidered blanket by her side. From under the blanket came a sound of heavy breathing. Bridget's heart stood still. Surely the child she was to nurse must be ill, if it could breathe like that.

"May I see the baby, ma'am?" said Bridget, summoning all her courage.

"Certainly," answered Constance indifferently. "She is in the next room with the trained nurse."

What then was that breathing presence under the blanket? Bridget kept her eyes fastened there in held fascination. Mrs. Weatherell had an impulse of good nature.

"Would you like to see Gyp, Bridget?"—she lifted the blanket. There, nestled under Mrs. Weatherell's arm, was a fluffy ball of a dog, which Constance fell to caressing.

"Gyp, my precious doggie——" She was altogether oblivious of the look in Bridget's eyes.

The engagement was made.

The following day Bridget carried her baby down to the first floor, to Mrs. Finnigan, who had agreed to keep the child for fifteen dollars a month. Bridget clung over Bridgie; she watered her with her tears. She bound Mrs. Finnigan by every promise and every oath to let her know if anything happened. She came back three times from the door for another kiss, and finally tore herself away and went to take the little Constance into her lonely arms.

She may be forgiven if she prided her heart with the comparison between this puny child of luxury and her own pretty darling, hale and hearty and dimpling with smiles.

Bridget had been the foster-mother of Constance for nine months when, one night, she had a dream. She thought she was a child again, walking in an open field, bright with sunshine and covered with heather, such as she used to play in when she was a child in the green land of Ireland. She was stooping to pick some heather when she heard the sound of singing, very beautiful, like the Benedictus that they sing in church. She looked up, and, over the heather, her shining white robes trailing behind her, came the blessed Saint Bridget, and in her arms she bore a little child. She came nearer and nearer, and when she reached her, she stooped and showed Bridget the face of the child, saying, "Little Bridgie, do you know this baby?"

Bridget looked upon the child and knew it was her own baby. Thus in the dream,

she, the child Bridget, stood awed, gazing upon the baby that had come to her in later years. With a low cry she woke.

"Oh, she's dead, she's dead! I know she's dead! Me darlin' is dead!" she cried.

She had not heard for some days. With a stern self-denial, Bridget had restricted herself to the weekly outings she was allowed; for she had feared that, if she transgressed, Mrs. Weatherell would make it "hot" for her, as she expressed it, for having the baby so near; and it had been a comfort to feel, when she lay down at night and waked in the morning, that her thoughts did not have far to travel to reach her little one. Bridget was very well taken care of, as is the case with all useful animals. She was well fed and well housed. She had no personal expenses whatever. The outlandish clothes she was obliged to wear were supplied to her, so she had saved quite a little money; the time was almost up, and she was making happy plans for her life with Bridgie.

That day she could hardly wait to get through her duties. She kept persuading herself that she was a silly creature; that her dream was only a dream, and that sensible people did not believe in dreams any more; that she would have heard, if anything was the matter—but the day was long to evening.

When little Constance had gone to sleep, she got her hour off and hurried to Mrs. Finnigan's. It was all too true, alas! Her child was dying. She had been teething; Mrs. Finnigan had sent her no word, hoping from day to day she would be better. That afternoon she had been taken with a convulsion, and Mrs. Finnigan was just about to send for Bridget when she came in.

Pale, haggard and hollow-eyed, Bridget dragged herself back to her duty to Constance, at the appointed time.

Shimmering in satin and flashing in jewels, Mrs. Weatherell rose like an avenging fate before her. Constance was having a large dinner-party that evening and shone her most resplendent self.

"Do you hear that child cry?" she said, indicating the second story with her white hand. "How dare you go out to-night,

of all nights, and stay all the evening, without permission?"

"I didn't have to nurse Miss Constance until ten o'clock, ma'am, and it is only quarter of now."

"Hush, don't argue. There is something besides nursing. You have to keep her still. Go up and quiet her instantly! Go!" she said, as Bridget hesitated.

"My own baby is dying, ma'am," Bridget blurted out, in no conciliatory tone of voice.

"Well, I am sorry—if it is true."

The last clause of the sentence stirred every evil impulse in Bridget's heart. The cold, cutting tone seemed to meet and outrage the piteous dying moan that lingered with aching echo in her ears.

Bridget's agony would probably have flared in some sharp retort, but Mrs. Weatherell swept back in all her grandeur to her guests, and the screams of little Constance drew Bridget on. Constance was a child, crying; she must hush her for Bridgie's sake. The stormy warfare of her duties a conquest which, in a larger sphere, would have marked her as a heroine.

What was she to do? Was it right, was it decent, to let her child lie dying a dozen blocks off, and she quietly sit here with another woman's child at her breast? And yet—what was she to do? How could she leave this innocent little one to cry herself into a possible sickness, when she had, with open eyes, assumed the responsibility of its life? If the mother would give her care, she could keep her quiet, and Bridget would promise to be back at nursing-time, but unless she would, there was no one else with whom Bridget dare leave her. The servants were mostly men; the housemaid had gone to a ball, and she would just as soon have thought of leaving Constance, of whom she had grown very fond, with the devil himself, as with the French maid. She implored the footman to ask the madam if she might speak to her a moment; the answer came back that the madam was very much engaged. Bridget knew well that it was hopeless. Mr. Weatherell had gone off to the club, the guests had one by one departed, and the favored guest was lingering for his usual tête-à-tête.

What kept Bridget from rising, as her spirit yearned to do, and going down into the drawing-room with the cry of her human heart? Partly fear, for Bridget was no heroine, and partly a dull sense of the inevitableness of things. And all the while little Bridgie lay dying.

What should she do? What could she do?

She laid the case before the Blessed Virgin. She knelt beside little Constance's crib, her simple soul grappling with the great infinities. "O Blessed Mary, Mother of Our Lord, ask thy dear Son to grant Bridgie a speedy recovery or a peaceful death."

The Blessed Mary heard; her prayer was answered even as she prayed. The footman brought her a crumpled note from Mrs. Finnigan; it read:—

"MY DEAR BRIDGET: Don't worry. It's all over. Bridgie died peaceful and quiet. She looks like a little angel. I'm awful lonesome without her."

If Bridgie was dead, there was nothing to be done, so Bridget stopped struggling and settled down to the inevitable with that stolid philosophy which belongs to her race.

The next morning Bridget had her talk with Mrs. Weatherell.

"Perhaps you don't believe me, ma'am," Bridget said, with bitter remembrance. "Here's me proof," and she held out Mrs. Finnigan's letter.

"Did the child die of any contagious disease?" Constance did not ask this unkindly; but neither was there any loving-kindness in her tone.

"It was teething, ma'am," answered Bridget mechanically.

"Well, it's a great mercy, Bridget."

"Mercy, ma'am?"

"Yes, it won't have to grow up in poverty now. I am very sorry for you, Bridget; it is too bad you have had this upset—and then, it's very bad for Constance," she added in a lower tone. "How much older was it than Miss Constance?"

"Bridgie was three months older than Miss Constance, and, if you please, ma'am, Bridgie wasn't an 'it'; she was a 'she.'"

"Don't be impertinent, Bridget; but I will pardon you. I suppose you are all out of sorts. Run around now for a little while and see it; I will take care of Constance. Here, take this," and she handed her a ten-dollar bill with condescension.

Bridget had her evil temper, and a burning impulse seized her to throw it back at Mrs. Weatherell's feet; but she could not dare it, neither could she afford it. She took it with a muttered thanks, which seemed to Constance ungrateful.

When Bridget came back, she told Mrs. Weatherell that the funeral was to be the next afternoon. It would take about three and a half hours. She would drive over to Calvary and take the elevated back to reach home in time to nurse Miss Constance.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Dick Weatherell had a most tempting musicale on hand for the next afternoon, at the house of one of her most fashionable friends; but she really felt quite sure that this did not for a moment influence the entirely practical and common-sense view she took of the situation.

"Go to the funeral, Bridget? Why, that is entirely out of the question. You can go around in the morning, but I couldn't think of letting you leave Miss Constance for three and a half hours—and you might be delayed. Another thing, I don't approve of funerals; there will be a lot of Irish there with all sorts of contagious diseases, and you will get all upset. I am sure I have done everything. I let you go around to-day while I took care of Constance, and I gave you ten dollars. You may go over for an hour to-morrow, but I positively forbid your going to the funeral."

"Not go to the funeral, ma'am!"

"No; your first duty is to Miss Constance. You should not have taken the situation if you were not ready to abide by the consequences. I do not wish you to come from an Irish funeral to my child. If Constance should die from the indirect exposure, I should feel you were her murderer."

Bridget didn't know what "indirect exposure" meant. But there was a gruesome horror in the word "murderer" that took firm hold of her superstitious mind, drawn

more than ever now to the helpless little Constance, who depended on her for sustenance and life.

"Very well, ma'am, I won't go to the funeral," she said quietly.

There was a stolid dignity in Bridget's manner that made Constance say to her husband afterward, "I wonder if that kind of person has much heart, anyway?"

The next afternoon Constance was at her musicale, feeling most virtuous; she had rocked little Constance two hours in the morning (and Constance was always restless with her mother) while Bridget was off with her dead baby. It was a great nuisance.

Bridget, in the mean time, was watching the sky, imploring Saint Joseph that it would not rain.

At three o'clock the sun was out warm and bright, and Bridget stood by appointment on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Eighth Street. Constance, in her wagonette, was smiling in her white lace cap and cloak richly trimmed with ermine, her ermine rug tucked about her and the umbrella of her wagonette casting rosy lights upon her. Bridget turned the wagonette away from the sun, took from her pocket a coral rattle, and handed it to Constance. The novelty of a dear familiar plaything at this hour of formal airing put Constance into an excellent humor. Bridget was, in her way, a diplomatist; it was because she had foreseen this result that she had brought it. Then, leaving the child to her surprised delight, still guarding the wagonette with one hand, Bridget leaned forward and searched each passing carriage; her eyes were parched, but there was no tear within them and no complaint upon her lips.

She did not heed the private carriages

with their high-stepping horses and gorgeous trappings, but eagerly, hungrily she scrutinized every passing livery-coach. Her heart was almost failing her when one rounded the corner. She knew by instinct, before she saw Mrs. Finnigan's head out of the window, that it was the one for which she waited.

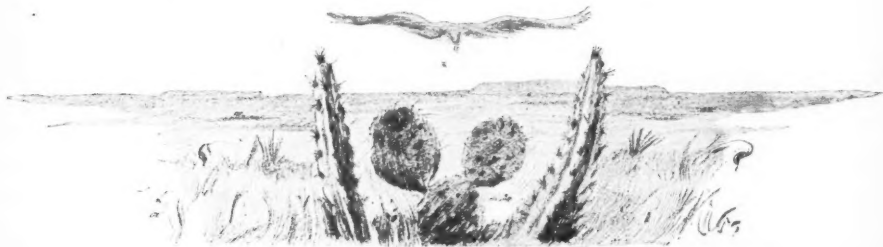
Mrs. Finnigan had driven as she had promised, into Fourth Avenue to the corner of Twenty-Eighth Street, and when the coachman saw Bridget, he stopped, according to Mrs. Finnigan's instructions. Mrs. Finnigan and Bridget's cousin sat on the back seat, and on the seat before them was a little white-pine box.

Bridget thought her heart would break. She reached through the window and laid her hand upon the box.

"Good-by, me darlin'," she said with a dry sob. She stood for a few moments in perfect silence, one hand on the rose-lined wagonette where smiled the living child, the other on the little nailed pine box.

"Well, I suppose yees mustn't wait any longer," she said. Then she withdrew her hand, and they drove on to Calvary.

I, who write of this event, know it to be true. I know the woman who stood upon that corner, her heart breaking within her, stood as true to her little ermine-clad charge as any hero ever stood to his guns, and saw the nailed pine box which held her own child borne past her to the grave. And I thank God that there is One who knows her, too, who sees the rich, and sees the poor and all the burdens that they bear. And I know that, notwithstanding all the cruel differences in this mortal life of ours, He is the All-just, the All-compassionate, and that, some time, the balance will be struck.



WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

BY RAFFORD PYKE.

A VERY acute foreign observer of American life has lately published some interesting observations on the subject of American women. The most significant of his conclusions is found in what he says about the effect which advanced education has had upon the attitude of American women toward American men. Marriage, he thinks, is becoming less attractive to our American girls, because the development of their intelligence has wrought in them a sort of disillusionment, a comparative indifference toward the other sex. The discovery is early made by them that men are, after all, rather dull and commonplace; or still worse, that they are coarse and therefore unable to appeal to the finer needs of a woman's nature. Hence, the American girl is outgrowing the old traditional romantic desire for love and marriage for their own sake. "The ideal German girl thinks that she will marry only the man who will make her happy; the ideal American girl thinks that she can marry only the man without whom she will be unhappy."

There is a great deal of truth in this if we understand it as referring to women who have really attained to womanhood, and if we do not regard it as said of the very young girl. The very young girl is what she always has been and probably always will be. Theoretically, she is an interesting creature moving along through the early years of imperfect maturity, in maiden meditation, fancy-free, with no thought of men until she happens to meet the man who lays siege to her virgin heart and writes his name on the unsullied page of her imagination. Of course, this is not true. In reality, the typical young girl is concerned about nothing half so much as about men. It is an innocent concern, but it is, none the less, absorbing and intense. Everything in life centers in her mind about the potential Man, and in almost every casual male she thinks she sees him. She has as yet not the slightest discrimination, for she has not yet had the slightest experience; and so the approach of any one in trousers is delightfully disquieting

to her. She flutters and blushes, she is perpetually self-conscious, she catches at every conversational straw that seems to indicate some special interest or attention, she holds sage converse with her dearest friend upon the subject, and unless good fortune or an experienced mother watches over her, she falls headlong into love with the first fool who takes the trouble to flatter her simple vanity.

But the very young girl does not really count; and when we speak of the American woman we mean her who is in reality a woman, with all a woman's fine perception and with an intelligence trained by reading, by study, and above all, by observation and experience. And it is quite true that in these days, American women of this type are becoming every year more difficult, more discriminating, less willing to accept in any serious way the men who cross their paths in life. They do not love upon an impulse; they do not marry just for the sake of being styled "Mrs." instead of "Miss." They must be satisfied all through; or, as the foreign critic puts it, they want only the man who can make them feel that without him they will be unhappy. The best proof of this change of attitude in our women is to be found in the gradual disuse among us of the term "old maid." There was a time when to be called an "old maid" drove an envenomed shaft deep into a woman's soul. It was the most opprobrious epithet, save one, that could be applied to her. It meant that she was unmarried because no man would have her, and its ultimate implication was that not to marry some man—any man at a pinch—was almost disgraceful to a woman. Nowadays, the term has fallen out of use; for if at the present time a woman is not married, it means merely that she does not care to be; that she is not waiting eagerly for a man, but contentedly for *the* man; and if he never comes, then she prefers to keep her self-respect and remain unwedded.

Yet after all, while this great change with everything that it implies has surely taken place, womanhood itself has not changed

in the slightest nor will it ever do so. In essentials, woman is what she always has been and what she always will be. Her nature is as fundamentally emotional as ever. She feels the need of love as much as ever. Passion and self-abandonment and the joy of life have not been extinguished in her. It is only that her intelligence and feeling have become keener and finer, and no longer respond to every casual appeal. She has more, far more, to give than she had in the past, and in consequence she demands far more from him to whom she gives it all. But to the man who can successfully appeal to her, she is as ever a creature of fire and air, a creature of infinite tenderness, of beautiful unselfishness, of exquisite submission. What, then, are the qualities and attributes which, if a man possess them, will make him such that after she has known him, she cannot let him pass out of her life unloved; and loving whom she knows that he holds in his possession the power to rend her very heartstrings? To do the subject any kind of justice and to follow out its hidden subtleties, one ought to write a book; yet I shall attempt as carefully as possible in this brief space to show just what it is that a woman of intelligence and knowledge and sentiment and fineness—*la femme de trente ans*—likes best in man.

First of all,—to consider the most superficial phases of our subject—is the question of a man's appearance. Good looks in a man, as a very celebrated woman once remarked, are superfluous. A handsome man attracts attention, and so he has a certain preliminary advantage over a rival who is plain; yet this counts for very little in the end. John Wilkes, who was more than ugly, knew women well when he said: "Give me half an hour's start, and I am not afraid of the handsomest man in England." What women do like very much is an air of distinction, a touch of breeding, an indescribable something in bearing and in manner that marks a man out as apart from the common, and makes others recognize instinctively that place must be made for him and deference shown him. But it is sufficient that a man look like a gentleman, and that there be nothing about him to excite unfavorable comment and

especially ridicule. The same thing is true of his dress. Women despise a man who gives much thought to clothes; yet, on the other hand, they wish him to be well set-up, neat, wholesome, trim and well-groomed, as every man should be, not as a matter of conscious effort, but by an instinctive sense of fitness and good taste. Women will pardon slovenliness in a genius, but they will never like it; and in one who is not a genius they will very justly infer from it the presence of something *louche* in habits or in character. All these facts serve as the illustration of a general truth: that a woman always prefers a man whom other women will approve of and admire; for the earlier promptings of a woman's love are due quite as much to vanity—or let us call it emulation—as to sentiment. They like the man whom other women would be sure to like, and they are prone to turn away from one whom others do not look at seriously.

The casual every-day accomplishments of a man have much to do with women's liking; and first of all comes *savoir faire*. He may or may not be what is rather vulgarly described as "a society man," yet he must understand and be familiar with the myriad little usages that form society's unwritten law. To be at ease in any set, to be equal to emergencies, to carry off an awkward situation with urbanity and perfect self-possession—this faculty wins unstinted admiration from a woman. And then there are the things that go with this—knowledge of the proper thing to do, the little courtesies, the delicate and tactful attentions that mean everything and nothing, the ability to order a dinner properly, to make things go off smoothly, to carry out a plan without a blunder or a jar, the carriage ready at the proper moment, the flowers specially arranged, the right seats at the theater, everything foreseen, every possible occurrence provided for, every want anticipated, every *contretemps* avoided. These are all unimportant in themselves, yet in the mass they never fail to create a strong impression in a woman; for a woman hates blunders and will trust a man in great things if she sees that he has a genius for making small things go off well.

Such a man is likely to understand a

woman, and every woman adores the man who can do that. Illimitable fun has been poked at the troubles of the *femme incomprise*, but it has been quite unjust to her and very unintelligent. To be really understood, to say what she likes, to utter her innermost thoughts in her own way, to cast aside the traditional conventions that gall her and repress her, to have some one near her with whom she can be quite frank, and yet to know that not a syllable of what she says will be misinterpreted or mistaken, but rather *felt* just as she feels it all—how wonderfully sweet is this to every woman, and how few men are there who can give it to her! But the man who has the gift of intimacy can give it, and in giving it he can bind her to him as by links of steel. Who shall describe that wonderful gift of intimacy, that miracle in human intercourse, that rare blending of subtle intelligence, of exquisite tact, of wonderful sympathy? There are men who have it; and when a woman's acquaintance with such a man is only half an hour old, she will be telling him of things that she has never told to brother or sister or mother or husband or even to her nearest woman friend; and she will tell them—these intimate personal things—with absolute unconsciousness, so natural, so simple is it to give her confidence to this stranger who has laid his naked mind to hers, whose every word is a supreme expression of complete intelligence, anticipating and illuminating her hidden thought, and answering each mood and each emotion as though he were her second self. Afterward, when they have parted, it comes over her with a sudden shock that she has violated every one of the conventions, that she has laid bare her secret soul, that she has been reckless, unwomanly—almost immodest. She is in an agony of doubt as to what he must be thinking of her, and she dreads to meet him for a second time. But she always does meet him, and in a moment the spell is again upon her; and her doubts and questionings melt from out her mind at the sound of that voice which thrills her so profoundly, that voice which has the quality of a violin, penetrating, tender, and with a lingering caress somewhere within its tones. She hesitates no more; for she has met the

man who understands, the man whom women never can forget. There lives no woman who could not make the words of Emerson her creed: "When I meet a man whose mind is like my own but stronger, then I become his very slave."

But women like a man of whom the world has heard, who has done something that has made him known outside the sphere of private life, whose name stands for achievement and creation. A man like this bears with him always a passport to a woman's favor. First of all, his interest in her, if he shows such interest, gratifies her vanity, her emulation. She loves to think that one whom many seek has sought her out. She triumphs in the thought. But afterward, if he really enters into her inner life, her feeling is a nobler one than this. If she loves him, her love will have in it that element of the maternal without which no true woman's love is ever quite complete. He is hers; and she thrills with his success, and tries to comfort him in his defeats. She hates his enemies vindictively. She longs to help him, to be his inspiration. And if he can make her feel that she has so entered into his life as to be a part of it, that it is from her and from her love that he draws his hope, his strength, his courage—then he has given her a draught of flattery so delicious, so exquisite, that she could die from the very joy of it. But almost sweeter still are those moments when perhaps he is depressed and ill or half-disheartened, this man who faces the world and is strong to all besides herself; for then he makes the one supreme appeal to her very deepest, tenderest feelings; and there comes over her a great wave of maternal tenderness, a passion of self-devotion, and as she mothers him, her whole woman's nature is stirred to its very depths.

Women like liberality in men, a largeness of view, a contempt of the petty, a certain splendid carelessness about the small things that do not count. A touch of irresponsibility, even, appeals to the feminine imagination, perhaps because responsibility is so much insisted on for women that they admire when they see it trampled on by men. Minute exactness, "fussing," too much system, insistence on the unimpor-

tant, are all traits that women despise when men exhibit them. They like a man who has a merry way of throwing aside the little cares of life and laughing at them, who doesn't bother his head over small affairs, who is magnificent in his neglect of rules and regulations. Women in their secret heart think that a man—the right sort of man—is entitled to do just what he pleases, and when they find him doing it in defiance of everybody and everything, having his own way in a kind of triumphant lawlessness, they may deplore it in their speech, but it delights their fancy all the same. It is so utterly unlike their way of doing things, so unlike their little indirections, their tortuous fashion of arriving at results, their small hypocrisies. They do not wholly understand it; and perhaps that is one more reason why it so appeals to them. Parsimony, stinginess, numbering pennies, and counting the cost—these things are perhaps of all the most obnoxious to a woman. She can love a prodigal, but she cannot take the slightest interest in a miser. Naturally penurious herself, or at least penurious in many things, she revels in a generous nature that enjoys profusion, and she loves to bask like a cat in an atmosphere of luxurious plenty. Ostentation does not please her, but rather that fondness for the good things of life which insists on having them, which accepts them like the air we breathe and the sunshine that warms us, simply and as a matter of course.

Gentleness always charms a woman, if it be the gentleness of strength and not of weakness. She loves to think that one who may be rough and hard to all the rest, can be to her as tender as another woman. It is, she thinks, the miracle of love. Yet she must always be made to feel that the gentleness is not immutable, but that back of it there lie the harsher qualities of man. It is a hard saying but it is true, that the men whom women love the most are men who are quite capable of cruelty—not lightly nor without reason, yet beyond all doubt. When a woman feels that if she makes mistakes, if she assumes too much, or if she goes too far in her caprices, the gentleness will shrivel away and in its place will rise a terrifying harshness, then she will have the very real happiness that

comes to the true woman when she knows that she has found her master.

A man should never let a woman be wholly sure of him, nor feel that she completely knows him. She really loves him all the better if she feels that he is in the last analysis inscrutable, that there is always something in his nature that she can never fully understand, and that even in his moments of supreme tenderness, there is still one hidden sanctuary where it is not permitted her to enter. This, and the feeling that she never can be wholly sure of him, are the things that keep a woman faithful to a man forever.

It is obvious enough that the man who can unite the qualities that have been here imperfectly defined can never be a very young man. The knowledge of life comes only with the lapse of years; the poise, the self-control, the achievement, the sympathy, are all the gifts of time. What is the golden age of manhood? There is that subtle and profoundly melancholy utterance of French genius—*Ah, si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait!* It seems to imply that power goes as wisdom comes; that what maturity gains, it pays for in the coin of youth; that as revelation enters the mind, capacity deserts the body. Yet this is only true in part. To every man there comes the period of perfection, the two splendid lustrums in which mind and body alike are ripened and matured; and when, if he have the gifts from nature, the world is at his feet. Ambition, achievement, creation, love—these are for him who at the age of thirty-five has learned life's lessons well; and for ten glorious years at least, he may enjoy them to the full. Experience has taught him everything that she can teach. His powers of body are still unimpaired. The fire runs through his veins. His mind is clear and sure. He has acquired a sense of true proportion. He does not waste his energies on what is worthless. He knows the best. He will accept no less. He reaches out his hand and all is his. He is as a god, knowing both good and evil. He is enlightened, and can enjoy each pleasure while avoiding every penalty which to the uninitiated lurks in every joy. Men listen to him and do his will. He is at home with young

and old alike, for he stands between them with one hand outstretched to each. He looks back upon the past without regret, for it has taught him all he knows, has given all that he possesses. He looks forward to the future without disquietude, knowing that when the sunlight fades and grayness settles down upon his path, he will still be comforted by the assurance that he has enjoyed life to the full, and has taken from it all it has to give. The man of forty is the man for whom there are no mysteries and no impossibilities. And the heart of woman is the symbol of his absolute supremacy.

Such are the traits and qualities that women like in men; and when they are combined, they make the perfect lover: The mind that leads, the sympathy that charms, the strength that dominates, the gentleness that soothes, the mystery that fascinates.

The woman of the present day with her more sensitive organization, her more

vivid imagination, her superior intelligence and her warmer temperament, can feel these things the more because she can understand them better than the half-developed woman of the past. Mediocrity is not for her; but when at last she finds and knows her mate, she is sublime in her self-abandonment. Having put away so many of the conventions of other days, the ones that still exist have little power over her. The teaching of her early years, the traditions of her sex, the fears, the doubts, the hesitations—all these she tramples underfoot; and, seeking out the one man of her life, she stands before him in that splendid shamelessness which is the finest thing in perfect love. Mind, heart, and soul all cry out irresistibly within her; and, stirred with infinite emotion, shaken with passion, and thrilling with the ecstasy that comes but once in any life, she knows that there can be no joy for her so overwhelming as to die in adoration at his feet.

THE FIELD OF SAD FLOWERS.

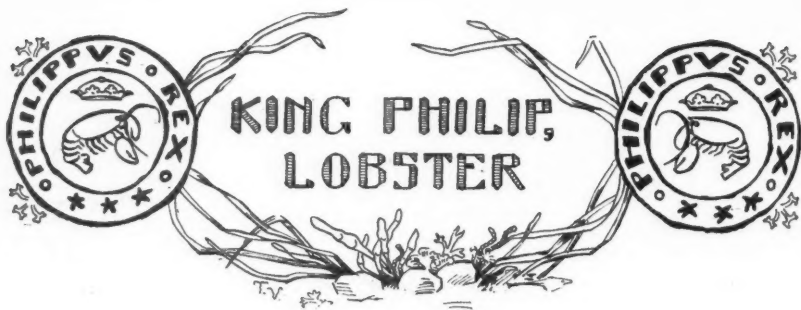
BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

STILLER than where that city lies asleep,
With fabled spires deep in the swinging sea,
Stillter and dimmer than that windless deep,
The sad-flowered, shadowy field of memory.

I walked there with the loves of long ago,
Dear forms and peerless of long-vanished days;
And one drew close—the fairest that shall know
Their path that follow down the faded ways.

“Once more the kisses on my face,” she said;
“Now is it heaven, here, where pale flowers be;
On shall I wander, mated with the dead,
But die not, love, since you remember me.”





BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A SHORT, bow-legged man dressed in tarpaulins sat on the roof of one of the many little summer cottages down at Siasconset-in-the-Sea, giving the shingled roof a fresh coat of dark-red paint. His long white hair and whiskers, which latter grew only on his grizzled neck, waved to and fro in the stiff ten-knot wind that came whistling in from the Pochick Rips. His pipe hung down into his beard, which background for the same so concealed the wearer's shirt from view that his having one on at all was a matter of faith on the part of the beholder.

While he puffed away on his pipe, he continued to paint the roof with such vim as to lead one to suspect that he was doing the job on contract or felt that he was under the telescope of his employer, who engaged him by the day, and didn't know at what point that person was hidden from view. As he painted, he slapped the brush from side to side to the time of an old sea-song, which set forth in picturesque terms that were not dimmed by defective rhyme and rhythm the glories of the old whaling days that are no more. He probably imagined he was on the deck of a ship in a rough sea as he walked on the incline of the roof from spot to spot, with as little fear of falling as if he had been on the ground. Happening to catch a glimpse of me as I stood watching his strange attitude and listening to his song, he stuck the paint-brush into the pot, put the free hand over his eye and stared at me long and hard, as if he considered me a far-distant marine craft and couldn't satisfy himself whether I was a pirate or a merchantman.

He began shouting something at me that

I couldn't hear, as the wind blew his words in the opposite direction.

"Perhaps," I said, "I would better get on the other side of you, or perhaps I might wait for the wind to change."

He shook his head in the negative and laughed, and then began a hasty descent of the ladder. Reaching the ground, he said:

"Tain't no use, it's too pesky windy to paint—the wind dries the paint on the shingles before it has a chance to soak in; and it dries the paint on the brush so's you lose so much on the paint that it pays to stop fer a while and wait fer the wind to go down. Anybody can paint in a calm, but when it comes to paintin' in a ten-knot wind it takes an old hand at the bizness. I know what it is because I've painted the name on the bow of the old whaler 'Thomas Primrose' of New Bedford in a awful blow, and once I touched up the figurehead of the same 'Thomas Primrose,' which was a head and body of a man what looked like Dan'l Webster, and his red cravat, his white shirt-front and his blue coat never got mixed or run into one another, and all the time I was paintin' it seemed to me as if his whiskers was wavin' in the wind."

He paused to pull on his pipe, which had gone out, and after he had knocked the ashes out on his boot-heel, he commenced to run his jack-knife around inside the bowl to cut away the charred wood and thereby make it as sweet as possible. Having done which, he proceeded to refill his pipe, and was soon puffing away with an expression of countenance that bespoke his satisfaction with all the world in general and himself in particular. He mo-

tioned me to a settee on the piazza, and when we were seated, he said:

"When did you come down?"

"Last night," I replied.

"How long be you a-goin' to stay?"

"All summer."

"Good," he replied, puffing away at his pipe; "good." Then he lapsed into silence for a moment and continued, rather suddenly:

"Do you like lobsters?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "I like the lobster in any style you can cook him. I like him à la every way."

He took his pipe out of his mouth, held the bowl in one hand, and tapped on the forefinger of the other with the stem to emphasize his words:

"Now you're all right. I reckon that any man is all right what likes to eat lobsters, or catch lobsters, or takes any kind o' interest in lobsters. Why are lobsters worth twelve cents a pound right outer the sea? Why, because they are good. Why are lobsters scarce? Because they're good. If they were not fit to eat they'd be swarmin' round like flies and mosquitoes. I tell you, sir, the best thing I can say of

the lobster is that he is a lobster. He can't be imitated like turtle; he stands and swims alone. Onct I was a whaler, now I'm a lobsterer, when I ain't a-paintin' and takin' care o' these here summer cottages. I take care o' the cottages when the lobsters ain't on, and go a-lobsterin' when the cottages is occypied for the summer, and then I sell the summerers lobsters fer ten cents a pound raw and fifteen cents a pound red, because, you see, when a lobster biles he loses flesh and shrinks, so that a four-pound lobster raw is worth forty cents, and forty-five cents at fifteen cents a pound biled, on account o' shrinkin' a pound, and the five cents over pays fer the coal and trouble o'

cookin' him and the wear and tear on my feelin's in sousin' him inter the hot water."

"Then you have a humane regard for the lobster?"

"Which?" asked the lobster-catcher, half closing one eye and milking his whiskers thoughtfully with his left hand.

"I mean you don't like to cause them any unnecessary suffering."

"No, I don't, and when I drop them inter the bilin' water I have to shet my eyes; and I run out while they're floppin' and rattlin' away like a alarm-clock. I never could bear to see 'em suffer, and that's why I'd allers rather sell 'em raw. Now, as I said afore, I used to be a whaler

in the old palmy days, and I went off on two or three cruises; one on 'em was a seven-year cruise and my share o' the money was seventy-four dollars and seven cents, all figgered out. Now sometimes down here I make more than that twice over in a ordinary summer's lobsterin', without goin' away from 'Sconset and my family and without takin' no chances on bein' knocked sky-high by a crack of a whale's tail. Whales is whales and lobsters is lobsters and they's

both on 'em becomin' scarcer all the time. Some folks thinks that arter a while there won't be no lobsters at all, but I believe there will be lobsters as long as there's any sea. Now doesn't it stand to reason that the sea can't be lobstered out? The sea can't dry up, and the sea wouldn't be the sea without lobsters in it. That's why the lobster's goin' to stay. Don't you want me to serve you with lobsters this summer? I'll be huntin' 'em right along as soon as I git through this fixin' up the houses fer the summer season."

"All right," I replied to his business-like query; "I'll be good for three or four times a week."



Drawn by Tracy Vanwert.
"HE PROBABLY IMAGINED HE WAS ON THE DECK
OF A SHIP IN A ROUGH SEA."

He looked on me with a pleased expression, as if viewing me through the spectacles of decency and virtue and at the same time casting a financial horoscope. Then he asked, it seemed to me with extreme caution:

"Say, be you from New York or down Boston way?"

A great load seemed to have been lifted from his mind when I set his curiosity at rest on this point. Then he rattled on:

"I was jest a-tryin' to think o' the name of the man what had this house last summer—perhaps you know him, he lives in New York. All I can remember about him is that he had red side-whiskers and didn't buy no lobsters. The man what lived over there in that house, called the Yard Arm, was named Snedcor. He had a white mustache, was clubfooted, and was a very fine man. He raved over lobsters, took 'em every time I caught any, and always bought 'em biled fer fifteen cents a pound, and paid reg'lar every week."

"Do you make much out of lobsters?" I asked.

He closed one eye, wound his beard around in his hand, and replied:

"Sometimes, and sometimes not, accordin' to the weather. In lobsterin' weather I do good, and when the weather ain't the lobsterin' kind, I stay at home and cart kelp fer the winter beddin' fer the horses and cows. Then, if I fall behind on lobsters I git ahead on kelp, so it all evens up at the end o' the year. What I like about lobsterin' is the fun; there's more fun in lobsterin' than in whalin', and sometimes it's more excitin', and it pays better, too. I am always happy when I hitch up the horse and start fer the lobster-pots, five miles over yonder to Wauwinet. I am always a-figgerin' on the way over how many I'm a-goin' to git. I'll never fergit the day I ketched King Philip."

"King Philip?" I asked, while lost in wonder as to what he meant.

"Yes, King Philip," he went on, with enthusiasm. "I named him arter the old fighter I used to read about down to the life-savin' station in the winter. He was a awful big lobster, about as big as a prairie-dog, and I can tell you I didn't know

what I had in the net, fer it kept a-floppin' about and felt as if there was a dog-fight a-goin' on inter it. Finally I got it up, and what do you think?—there was King Philip and three or four little lobsters tangled up in a snarl, and all of 'em a-kickin' in every direction, and holdin' on fer dear life. After I got 'em separated, King Philip turned over in the bottom o' the boat onto his back and laid in the water that warn't baled out, and while that water was a-soakin' inter his back he switched some of it onto his stomach and inter his face with his tail to keep hisself fresh and lively. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw him a-doin' this, and I made up my mind that lobsters has intelligence and that I would keep King Philip as a pet and see if I could teach him to do tricks.

"So I took him home, and made him a nice bed in a old trunk and filled the bottom o' it with wet sea-weed to keep him from warpin' and crackin'. Then I kept him all day in a tub o' salt water. After a while he got to know us, and would stick his head out the water fer food, and then he got so tame that we could lift him out onto the floor, where he would crawl around and play until he got so dry that he would move over and tap on the tub to let us know that he wanted to go back fer a soakin'. He would curl up like a caterpillar around the table-leg and go to sleep, and he would never bite, even when my grandson would drum on his shell with his fingers, which I knew he didn't like by the way he lashed his tail. He kept on growin' fonder and fonder of us, and we kept on a-growin' fonder and fonder of him, until we never would let him git out of our sight fer fear he would go astray and git lost. Once he got out inter the yard and I soon heard a great flutterin', and when I went out I saw the old rooster lyin' on the ground. King Philip had a-hold on him by the neck with one claw, and with the other he was a-lammin' him in the stomach. I tell you I had to laugh, because I knew that rooster thought he could eat King Philip jest as if he was a ordinary horseshoe, what chickens is so fond of. When I heard the flutterin' first it must have been when the rooster made the first peck at him. Then I'll bet King Philip

caught him by the neck in one claw and pulled him down inter range, and then with the other claw give it to him fer all he was worth. I got right out and killed that rooster before he could accidentally hurt King Philip."

"Then you thought more of King Philip than of the rooster?" I asked.

The old lobster-hunter seemed hurt at the idea of my thinking for a moment that he could regard the rooster and the lobster in the same light. He set my mind at rest, however, on the point of his preference when he said, with emphasis:

"If the lobster got his just due, he would be on the national seal instead o' the eagle, he would take the place o' the turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and these people what are called lions o' the hour would be lobsters o' the hour. When I do a good act I feel that I am a lobster, and when I feel proud o' my boys it is be-

cause I think they are lobsters."

"What did you do after you killed the rooster?" I asked, wishing to take him back to his story.

"I picked King Philip up and looked him over to see if he had been hurt and wanted any fixin' up. He was all right, and didn't need no patchin', and when the rooster was a-bilin' in the pot, the lobster listened to the bubblin' and looked

as if he thought it was the Pochick Rips a-sizzlin' away in a big nor'easter."

He paused suddenly as something caught his eye out on the water. Looking intently for a moment, he said:

"I tell you she's a lobster, no mistake."

"What's a lobster?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Why, that yacht 'way off there, what's

skimmin' along like a petrel."

While he watched the craft, whose beauty of line and general shape had wrought from him the highest compliment that he was capable of bestowing, I drew back his attention by asking:

"Did the chickens ever attack King Philip again?"

"Not much," replied the old whaler, with great feeling, "not much. They never got a show. After

that fight with the rooster I took care that King Philip never got inter no dangerous places agin. I began to think

that the cat might be captered by his fishy smell and pounce onter him and eat him up at night, shell and all, so I put him in a parrot-cage at night and hung him in my room, and what do you think?—the fust mornin' I saw him watchin' a picture o' the sea I had in my room, as if he didn't know what to make out of it. Perhaps he didn't know what it was, perhaps he did. I was willin'



Drawn by Tracy Vanover.

"WE . . . CHUCKED KING PHILIP INTER THE WATER."



Drawn by Tracy Vanvert.

"'HE WAS ALL RIGHT, AND DIDN'T
NEED NO PATCHIN'."

to believe al-
most anythin'
about lobster
intelligence
after the fight
with the old
rooster; and I
thought per-
haps he was a-
hankerin' after
the sea. So the
next time I
went a-lobster-
in' I put King
Philip inter a

basket, and put the basket under the wagon-seat and started off fer Wauwinet, the place where I had the pots set. When King Philip was loose in the bottom o' the boat, he scrambled around jest like a lamb on a green hill, and I was glad I brought him along, because he was enjoyin' hisself so much. He wagged his tail, and looked at me as if to say, 'Thank you.' And finally he put his claws over the side o' the skiff, and drawed his head up to take a look inter the sea. The fust thing I knowed, King Philip drawed hisself up too far over the gunwale, and before he could right hisself he went kerflop inter the water and sank outer sight.

"I tell you I felt awful—worse than I felt when the whale flopped me outer the boat off Chili in the summer o' '57 when I was out on my third cruise—I went right over and looked down inter the water fer King Philip, fer I couldn't think that he went over on purpose and was a-goin' to give me the slip fer good. It was a clear, calm day, and I could look down inter the eel-grass where the lobster-pot was, but I couldn't see no King Philip nohow. I looked and looked and looked, and when I was about to say good-by to King Philip ferever, I see the eel-grass move from side to side as if somethin' was a-crawlin' in it, and what do you think?—out popped King Philip, follered by two lobsters, and he led 'em right inter the pot and then went away and come back with two or three more, and got them inter the pot, too. Jest think o' that intelligence in a poor dumb critter. Some people wouldn't believe it. After King Philip got a pot full, he swum up to the side o' the boat

and right inter my hand. Do you suppose he remembered that I saved his bacon when he was fightin' fer dear life with the rooster? Well, there's no tellin' why these things is so, but sometimes lobsters is good guides, and King Philip was one on 'em.

"I took greater care o' him than ever, and he was soon my partner in business, that is, we was mates. Every day I took him along fer good luck, and I tell you we did great work, because, you see, King Philip had turned hisself inter a decoy lobster, and he could lead lobsters inter the pot in any kind o' weather whether it was lobster weather or not. Bright sunshiny days and cloudy days and sou'westers and nor'easters was all one to King Philip. He could fetch 'em right inter the pot jest like these fellers in the city what gets people in off 'n the sidewalk to buy clothes. I never knowed whether King Philip had a sort o' whistle or song what fetched 'em, or whether they was afeared o' him and follered right along because he was so big."

He paused to light his pipe again, having done which, he was lost in reflection, as if trying to recall something. His weather-beaten face was soon lighted by a smile until it looked like a choppy sea suddenly gilded by the sunshine through a cloud-rift. Then he puffed away, as he continued excitedly:

"Lobster the sea out? Not much. You can't even whale the sea out, and whales is mighty scarce at that. Anyhow, gas and electricity and oil-wells has put the whale outer the market, but gas and oil-wells and electricity, and windmills throwed in, can't put the lobster inter a retired life by a long shot. The sea was made fer the lobster, and the lobster is what makes the sea green. Yes," he continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I really believe the lobster would turn the Red Sea green.

"Now, one day, the summer afore last, there was a Brooklyn family livin' over inter that house yonder, just beyond the shingled stable, sou'west o' the pump. Well, that Brooklyn family had a daughter in it that would make a fine gal to name a whale-ship after, with her head and shoulders at the bow fer a figger. Well, there was a feller used to come down onct in a while to visit, and used to go wanderin' around with that gal lookin' fer shells

and sea-weeds on the shore. And often they'd go around a-lookin' fer these things in the moonlight. Well, onct some one told 'em about King Philip, and they was crazy to go out in the boat with me a-lobsterin'. I didn't like to take folks out, but these was lobster folks, and my best spot-cash customers. They was these kind o' people what would eat lobsters at every meal instead o' pie. So I says to 'em, 'All right, come along,' and they got up bright and early the next mornin', just as if we was a-goin' sharkin', and off we started. Over at the Sankaty Light the gal wanted to give King Philip a lump o' sugar. Jest think o' givin' sugar to a salt-water critter. Well, I didn't say nothin' mean, because she meant all right, and they was lobster folks all the way through, and it allers makes a great difference to me whether folks is lobster folks or not. So on we went, until I hitched the horse to a tree, and we all got inter the boat and went out inter deep water. Then I noticed that the gal had tied a blue ribbon round King Philip to make him look pretty. Don't it beat all, the things wimmenfolks thinks on? Well, we took off the ribbon and chucked King Philip inter the water, and down he went to lead and shoo the lobsters inter the pot."

"Didn't it ever occur to you that King Philip charmed the lobsters?" I interrupted.

"I often thought so," replied the retired mariner, slowly. "I often thought so, and sometimes I thought that King Philip could have gone out and caught birds the same way. Of course, I ain't a-claimin' that he could a-done it, because lobster intelligence on land might not count fer much, and lobster agin lobster might not

mean lobster agin bird to any great extent. Still, I ain't a-sayin' what King Philip mightn't a-done if he'd tried, because he was mighty wonderful. Well, you see, after I had all the lobsters inter the boat that I could sell to my customers, what do you think?—King Philip all of a sudden grabbed the sleeve o' her jacket and held on fer all he was worth. She sort o' looked scared, and the feller he run and grabbed her and she looked more scared than ever, and shouted, 'Oh, hold onter me, and make King Philip let go.' 'But he may hold on fer a lifetime,' said the feller, grabbin' a-hold on her. 'Then hold onter me fer a lifetime,' she screamed. 'Fer *my* lifetime?' he asked. 'Ye-es,' I heard her say in a half-whisper, turnin' kind o' red and lookin' happy.


"Well, the upshot o' the matter was that after King Philip got 'em together fer keeps they wouldn't let me alone till I give him to 'em. It like to ruined my bizness fer a time, but I couldn't hold out agin her, and then she made a little blanket fer King Philip and led him round on a chain to keep him from gittin' lost. That was the summer afore last; last summer King Philip died, and now the baby, they tell me, plays on the floor of the Brooklyn flat, and wants to have the lobster, what is now stuffed, brought down to play with on the rug. I tell you, when you come right down to lobsters——"

Here he looked down toward the bluff, and said:

"'Pears to me here comes the man what hires me by the day, and I kinder think the wind's gone down sufficient fer me to paint that roof without the paint a-dryin' faster'n I can slap it on."

So he went aloft.





The Restlessness of the Modern Woman

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE mighty forces of mysterious space
Are one by one subdued by lordly
man.

The awful lightnings, that for eons ran
Their devastating and untrammelled race,
Now bear his messages from place to place
Like carrier-doves. The winds lead on
his van.

The lawless elements no longer can
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen
grace.

His bold feet scaling heights before un-
trod—

Light, darkness, air and water, heat and
cold,

He bids go forth and bring him power
and pelf.

And yet, though ruler, king and demigod,
He walks, with his fierce passions un-
controlled,

The conqueror of all things—save him-
self.

Reader, how many contented women do
you know—really contented?

I fear you can count them on the fingers
of one hand, if you give the subject a fair
and careful analysis.

I am inclined to believe the happiest
women in the world are the hard-working
ones. Not the overtaxed drudges, but wives
and mothers, whose hands and minds are
busy from morning until night with house-
hold duties, or the women who hold re-
sponsible positions requiring all their wak-
ing hours and thoughts.

Certainly the leisure class shows few
specimens of contentment. The increase
of wealth in our land has not brought an
increase of happiness. Luxury has not
been escorted into our midst by peace.
The sewing-machine, the trolley, the auto-
mobile, the revolving stairway, have all
been time- and effort-savers for our women,
but they have not been joy-producers, if
we are to judge by the appearance or the
conversation of our associates.

The less women have to do, the more
time they find to wonder what they want
to do.

I wish every toiling woman in the land
who is longing to be rich could see the
satirist's picture called "The Happy
Rich." It represents a man and wife seated
at an elaborately appointed table, where
every delicacy of the season is supplied,
while fine, imposing butlers and other at-
tendants await orders. Meantime the un-
happy couple sink back in their respective
chairs, without appetite and with unutter-
ably bored expressions on their faces.

The busy housewife who has to prepare
the meals for a hungry family, is to be
envied in preference to the ennuied woman
of wealth who has worn out pleasure and
lost the road to usefulness.

It seems to me the very first ambition of
a girl's life should be to seek some way
to be useful to those nearest her. I be-
lieve that if this wish were to root in her
mind, no matter what her station, whether
high or low, rich or poor, and whether

she were plain or beautiful, she could never know a dull or restless hour.

Sorrow must come to every heart. It is the storm which prepares the soil of the human nature for immortal blossoms. But restlessness and aimless, purposeless discontent are like venomous insects which destroy vegetation.

One who studies American womanhood with any care, must be alarmed at the growing restlessness of the sex.

My mountain of mail is often a volcano of seething unrest. It seems a relief to many women—women, doubtless, whom the world supposes to be happy wives and mothers—to write anonymously to one they believe to be sympathetic, of the discontent which surges in their hearts.

To turn from these letters to a social function, is to encounter the same elements in another form. Beneath jeweled corsets beat restless hearts; from under the flower-laden brims of modish hats look unhappy eyes, gazing out into the world with longing for an indefinable something—a happiness imagined but unattained.

Three women have recently written asking me to send them some magic potion in the form of advice by mail, to cure their malady of unrest. All three declared their husbands to be good men and good providers for the home, and two were the mothers of healthy and bright children. Yet, these women were unhappy. One believed she loved another man better than her husband; the other two were unable to define the cause of their restlessness. "Life somehow does not seem worth living," said one. "I drag through the days, glad when night comes and I can go to sleep. Can you tell me how to find an object, an aim, which shall give me an interest in existence?"

At a summer resort I encountered a handsome, richly attired woman with personal graces and accomplishments, the mother of a lovely child. But her face was marred by an expression of discontent. There was an element of gaiety in the hotel, composed of people whom the lady in question had not met.

"Their fun makes me unhappy," she said. "I never enjoy anything as a spectator; I must be one of the actors to be happy."

"That is unfortunate," I said, "for life holds so many occasions for all of us wherein we are given only the part of spectators."

"Life is a disappointment to most of us," she answered.

"Life is greatly, almost wholly, what we make it," I ventured.

"Perhaps," she replied. "But we cannot help our temperaments. I am naturally restless. I have a lovely home and a good husband, but married people tire of each other if too much together. I must have diversion and variety. My only enjoyment is in going away and seeing new scenes, new people. I have a horror of growing old—and I confess the future appalls me. I cannot bear quiet and monotony."

Yet this woman was possessed of every earthly blessing—health, beauty, accomplishments, home, husband and children. But she lacked the peace and happiness which must come from within.

"It is my temperament. I cannot help it," she insisted. And just as strenuously I contend that we can overcome any inheritance, and conquer every unreasonable trait, if we set about it with a philosophical determination to do so.

Another wife and mother confessed to me that her greatest happiness lay in the admiration of men. "I love to be admired and sought after," she said. "I am true to my husband, but his love has become a settled, understood affair, and I need the excitement of having men flatter me. It is the only thing that keeps life interesting." The lady differed from many others of her sex only in being more frank.

Certainly the admiration of men is a great stimulant. But a man never really admires, in his secret heart, a woman whose deportment he would object to in a wife. He may feel passion for her, but he does not admire her.

It is a very good plan for a woman who is drifting into a doubtful line of conduct with a man, to stop and ask herself, "If I were his wife, how would he like to have me treat another man as I am treating him?" Upon the answer she is able to make herself, may depend her estimate of his admiration.

While I believe the tendency of humanity is constantly upward, toward a higher

plane, it is an indisputable fact that this restlessness of woman is a giant evil, and one of serious growth.

It is puzzling to attempt to trace it to its source.

When it is possible to put the cause of any unfortunate condition on man's broad shoulders, I always do so, since, having so much more gray matter in his brain than woman, he is better able to bear the blame. I have often contended that bad lovers and husbands made bad women—restless, discontented and reckless women. Once I framed this thought in verse and called it—

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

You call me an angel of love and of light,
A being of goodness and heavenly fire,
Sent out from God's kingdom to guide you aright,

In paths where your spirit may mount
and aspire.

You say that I glow like a star on its course,
Like a ray from the altar, a spark from the source,

Now list to my answer—let all the world
hear it;

I speak unafraid what I know to be
true—

A pure, faithful love is the creative spirit
Which makes women angels! I live but
in you.

We are bound soul to soul by life's holiest
laws;

If I am an angel—why, you are the cause.

As my ship skims the sea, I look up from
the deck.

Fair, firm at the wheel shines Love's
beautiful form.

And shall I curse the bark that last night
went to wreck.

By the pilot abandoned to darkness and
storm?

My craft is no stancher, she too had been
lost

Had the wheelman deserted, or slept at his
post.

I laid down the wealth of my soul at your
feet

(Some woman does this for some man
every day).

No desperate creature who walks in the
street

Has a wicked heart than I might have,
I say,

Had you wantonly misused the treasures
you won—

As so many men with heart-riches have
done.

This fire from God's altar, this holy love-
flame,

That burns like sweet incense forever
for you,

Might now be a wild conflagration of
shame,

Had you tortured my heart, or been base
or untrue.

For angels and devils are cast in one mold,
Till love guides them upward or down-
ward, I hold.

I tell you the women who make fervent
wives

And sweet, tender mothers, had Fate
been less fair,

Are the women who might have abandoned
their lives

To the madness that springs from and
ends in despair.

As the fire on the hearth which sheds
brightness around,

Neglected, may level the walls to the
ground.

The world makes grave errors in judging
these things.

Great good and great evil are born in
one breast:

Love horns us and hoofs us, or gives us
our wings,

And the best could be worst, as the
worst could be best.

You must thank your own worth for what
I grew to be,

For the demon lurked under the angel in
me.

I quoted this to a bachelor who was un-
mercifully scoring women as weak, faith-
less and vain, and this was his reply:—

"The poor abused wife has my sym-
pathy. I know many a one, and I feel
it will smack of doubt to you when I say
it is not the abused wife who is the easy
victim of man's flattery. It is the woman
with the too attentive, confiding and un-
suspecting husband, who will listen to any
tale the lady may invent. To repeat a
very slangy expression I heard from a

young wife in referring to her husband—he was 'a soft thing.' And that soft thing I know is one of the truest husbands and best fellows living."

Nevertheless, I must believe such base and unworthy specimens of my sex to be the exception. The woman who can jest about the blindness of a loving man to her infidelities, is a monstrosity. Her sin is less shocking than her view of it.

If woman's restlessness cannot be attributed to man's shortcomings, it must be traced back to herself. The present false standards of wealth which have been set up in our country have a great deal to do with this and all other glaring evils of the day. Yet why should a woman with a comfortable home, a good husband and sweet children, permit the demon of unrest to enter her mind and destroy her peace, because she cannot astonish the world with splendid toilets, and entertain her friends in a villa at Newport or buy a castle in Europe, as some of our multimillionaires are doing?

I must confess I find men as a mass to be far more rational-minded, more appreciative of their blessings, and more reasonable in their demands upon fate, than women.

In the present day, here in America, a man usually knows when he is well off, and a woman does not.

The majority of men who are straining every nerve to accumulate great fortunes, instead of stopping to enjoy comfortable incomes, are stimulated to this course of action by restless, ambitious and discontented wives and daughters.

This is a statement which will call down the wrath of my own sex upon me; it is made after reading thousands of letters, and listening to thousands of confessions, from both women and men, relative to their inmost hopes, desires, dreams and ambitions.

I know man is a weak animal and a self-indulgent one, where he demands strength and nobility from woman; I know how he stifles his own conscience, while he commands her to listen to hers; but, with this

exception, I find him a less dangerous factor in our present feverish social conditions than I find woman to be.

Very few women realize their enormous influence upon men—outside of the sex influence. They do not know that women make the atmosphere in the home from which men—most men—form their ideals of life and derive their ambitions.

A restless, uneasy, discontented manner of the wife he loves has sent many a man into Wall Street, filled with the ambition to conquer or die, to overcome others or be overcome. Perhaps the wife pleaded with him not to go—and used all her logic to no avail, unconscious that her unexpressed discontent was a stronger argument in favor of speculation than all her words were against it.

Madam, you who read these words, will you give yourself a little mental analysis, and try to decide whether you are adding to the great wave of feminine restlessness which sweeps through the land; and if you are, what the cause is, and what the result will be upon yourself and others?

Then if you seek a cure, look about you and try to see what is the nearest avenue of usefulness open to you. One woman writes me that she thinks of leaving her husband and children in the care of friends to go forth and lecture to mothers upon the necessity of being comrades to their children! There is a desire for usefulness run riot; the letter would have seemed humorous had it not been tragic in its utter lack of common sense.

After all, a lack of good, every-day common sense is at the bottom of all this feminine restlessness, when we come down to facts.

Uncommon sense, uncommon talents, uncommon women, we have everywhere in our wonderful land, but what we need is women with just, well-balanced minds, endowed with practical common sense, and governed by loving hearts—women who have appreciation, gratitude and self-control added to their other womanly qualities.



THE SECRET ORCHARD.

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK III. (*Continued*).—A WEEK LATER.

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night. . . . In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! And at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning!"—*Deuteronomy*.

XXIII.

THERE was perhaps not a happier man in the world that gorgeous October forenoon than George Dodd, as he cut across the sunlit green and dived down the little dark, cool path on his way to the rose-garden below.

From his window he had spied the white straw hat and the white fluttering skirt, and the opportunity he had vainly sought during the last two days he now believed was given into his hands under the most favorable conditions. The unsophisticated nature of this man was full of inarticulate poetry: the perfect day, the blue sky and the sunshine, the perfume and the color of the world, seemed to express for him something of the new beauty which, with his manhood's new dream of love, had lately come into his life.

Love (we have so often been told that it has become a platitude) is blind. But is it true? Is it not rather that, seeing through love's eyes, we see all transfigured, all colored with love's own light; that we see life as a place of happiness, youth as unendingly beautiful, hardships as matters of no moment, humanity as kind, faith as enduring?—a state of affairs, the cynic might say, far more dangerous than blindness. Yet, perhaps, if ever we reach another world where (as we are told also) love only rules, we may find that it was a true vision, after all, of what might have been below, of what can be hereafter.

But, alas that the bliss of paradise in this still incomplete world should be so shy a thing! Adam's bliss was put to flight for the plucking of an apple; Mr. Dodd's was quite shaken by the mere sight of a second straw hat in the rose-garden. This was a hard structure of English pattern, encircled by the flaring colors of the last automobile club. It was reposing at the very back of the Marquis Totol's nut-like head, whereon, in consideration of the

recent wave of heat, the hair had been cut so close that it presented a pale, mouse-like surface. And Totol's originality of countenance was vastly heightened thereby.

Squatting upon the grass, with his toes in the sunshine, well screened from any observation (deflated, as the military engineer would have it) from the highest windows, the eternal cigarette between his lips, his knuckly hands clasped round his knees, the Marquis de Lormes was to all appearances enjoying himself to his utmost capacity.

Even as his brother rounded the corner and stood glaring at the hat, a shrill cackinnation rent the air. Totol, with a wriggle of exceeding amusement, was waggling his long patent-leather shoes, and, rubbing his hands up and down his shins, displayed lengths of pink-and-white circularly striped sock, well tightened upon legs at which any decently built skeleton might have jeered. And to the utter rout of all the American's paradisaical sensations for the moment, a silver tinkle of laughter came to join the inane and offensive cackle.

Joy was laughing! A basket of roses upon one arm, as she paused in the act of clipping a great La France bloom from a standard tree, blushing and dimpling under a broad-brimmed hat, she made as pretty a picture as a man's eyes could wish to rest upon. And Dodd's heart contracted with that unreasonable jealousy of the uncertain lover which includes in its distrust graybeards as well as schoolboys, the most innocent as well as the most ineligible of possible rivals. But if Joy did not regard Totol's presence with disfavor, neither did she show aversion toward the new arrival. On the contrary, although she checked her laughter with one of her quaint movements of secretiveness, the smile of greeting and the dimple beside it were not to be suppressed.

Totol, however, with the peculiar

candor of his class, openly gave vent to displeasure.

"Go away, do, George; there's a good fellow! Mademoiselle and I had just found a nice little corner by ourselves. Scat! Isn't that American for *fiches moi le camp*? Or is it 'Get'? Then: Get, my dear!"

"My dear" is not American," said the girl, softly.

She flung, as she spoke, a glance at the sailor which so distinctly invited him not to "get" that half his irritation vanished on the spot. Never before had he seen her so deliciously emancipated from her conventional French reserve. He came close up to her. She seemed the center of an atmosphere of rose-scent, of rose-bloom.

"Allow me," said he, placing his large hand over the little fingers and the heavy garden-scissors. "Only tell me which you want to have cut."

She slipped her hand daintily from his touch.

"That's American all over," growled Totol. "We were just as happy as Philipinos before you must thrust your interfering hulk into our little nook. Isn't that so, Miss Joy? She was amusing me so nicely. I was amusing her so nicely. And if you think you are a pretty object to watch snapping roses—well, that's where you are deceived, my dear."

Joy tittered faintly, and George Dodd perceived for the first time a pink rosebud hanging from the buttonhole of the Marquis's tennis-coat. He had always, and justly, known himself as a level-headed, even-tempered fellow; thus the sudden gust of fury that came over him was even more surprising to himself than to his companions. He stuck the garden-scissors into the earth with a vicious chuck and turned upon his relative.

"Look here," said he, in a vibrating voice, "if it comes to getting, I know who's to get!" He advanced two steps and flung a look of furious contempt upon the squatting figure. "You—you little frog!" said he.

Totol instantly took two or three leaps over the greensward in imitation of the batrachian just mentioned, until he had reached a position of safety behind Joy's skirts, where, peeping round, he unre-

servedly gave vent to an ecstasy of mirth over the big brother's baffled countenance.

"Oh, mademoiselle, I am so frightened!" he gibbered.

"And that," cried Dodd, with an unconsciously dramatic gesture of scorn—"that is my brother! Well, they talk of a man and a brother—a monkey and a brother, this show is!"

Joy laughed aloud.

The Marquis had withdrawn his head into shelter. Presently he lifted his voice in plaintive tone.

"A monkey now! Why, then, I reckon, brother, you mean to say a kind of tree-frog."

He shot out his head to see the effect of this observation. Suddenly feigning to be overcome with terror, he shot it in again, chattering his teeth, rolling his eyes and shivering violently.

George Dodd, whose patience was at lowest ebb, lost the last of it as the little man now clutched at Joy's skirt with his long thin hands. In two strides the sailor was upon the Marquis. In as many seconds the latter was lifted from the ground in a viselike double clutch and deposited on the other side of the box-hedge—not brutally, but with all the firmness required to carry conviction.

Totol landed on his knees and hands, promptly turned over to a sitting posture and stared up without the least resentment at his brother's inflexible bronze face.

"Oh, I say," he drawled, in his most pronounced English; then, grimacing, began to rub his hands and knees.

"You had better get up, young man," said George, gravely. Then, overcome by sudden remorse at his own violence before a woman, he hastily returned to Joy. "I'm afraid I must have frightened you," he said, with the extraordinary gentleness of the strong man. "I humbly beg your pardon."

He glanced under the shadow of the hat to look at the girl's averted face; it was pink with suppressed laughter, dimpling all over. She shot one of her quick looks at him; their faces were very close, the sparkle of her eyes seemed to dazzle him.

In the sailor's scheme of existence true women were timid, shrinking creatures, to be sheltered by true men from all ugly con-

tacts. He was as much puzzled now by her enjoyment of the situation as he had been a moment before by her toleration of his brother's familiarity. But he had reached that state of love where the most contradictory things are as fuel to the flame. A week ago her attitude might have made him hesitate, reflect; now the very mystery of her personality served to increase the fascination. And that look in her eyes verily intoxicated him.

"Will you not give me a rose, too?" he whispered in her ear. Dodd belonging, as it has been said, to the simple old school, this was obviously the natural preliminary to the good old-fashioned proposal.

His heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. The girl drew back from his close presence and picked up her basket and her scissors, replacing the fallen blooms with cool hands that were perfectly steady and precise in their movements. When she turned toward the waiting lover, she was once again the demure, self-controlled maiden of the first hour of their acquaintance.

"If you please," said she, with downcast eyes, "what were you saying?"

Her manœuvres at once baffled, irritated and drew on the lover. Whereas in theory he was giving this girl the ideal chivalrous devotion of the high-souled man for the woman of his choice, in practice he was merely loving her with the elemental, instinctive passion of the uncivilized man for the mate he would if necessary capture with bow and spear.

"Joy!" he began, almost fiercely. A cackle rang out behind him. He turned as savagely as his Saxon ancestor might have turned on the hunter that dared cross his chase. But the absurdity of the mere sight of Totol's grin promptly disposed of any earnestness in the situation. What is there in this life of beautiful, of solemn, of tragic, that ridicule will not kill? George Dodd felt that to allow that irresponsible being a glimpse of his own strong heart's working would be not only desecration, but positive indecency. All heat and anger died out of his handsome face. A good-humoredly contemptuous smile came back to his lips.

"Are we not, then, ever to be rid of you?" he cried; and he turned back, to in-

clude the girl in his words, and found that she had vanished.

"He-he-he!" commented the Marquis, who scrambled back with a good deal of difficulty over the hedge, and then, squatting on the sward again in his favorite attitude, began to address his elder in the tone of the man of the world explaining the nature of things to the backwoodsman. "Believe me, little brother," he said judicially, "you're quite off the spot. Oh, I thought I should have died of laughter when I heard you asking the little girl for a rose! Your tone and attitude, 1830 style all over! Great God," continued Monsieur de Lormes, in a paradoxical aside, "how it does bore me, how it has always bored me, the 1830 style! The poor papa was of that period. The mama less. Rigid, if you will, but not romantic, thank heaven!"

The sailor folded his arms. He had quite made up his mind that he should now have to compass another opportunity for himself, Totol's intervention having successfully spoiled the situation for the moment.

"Better let the little idiot," he thought, "have his fooling out, and then, perhaps, he'll give us a day off."

"Go on," he went on aloud, encouragingly. "It's very enlightening to hear you discourse."

"You see, my friend," pursued Totol, "you may come from the New World and all that sort of thing, but you are old-fashioned: vieux jeu, my friend, vieux jeu en diable! Your game is played out. Now, the modern woman does not know what to do with your kind. She has no use for the likes of you (as I think they say over the water). The puzzle to me is," said the Marquis, drawing up his face into a thousand wrinkles with his wise, pathetic monkey-look, "how, at this time of day, you come to be what you are; for, judging by one or two little specimens I have seen, you can raise women over there that ought to teach you a thing or two!"

He paused with a grimace, as if endeavoring to crack the problem between his back teeth.

"Well," said the American, "I don't exactly know what our women have taught me, but I do know that it is a

sort of custom with us men out there to teach a good lesson to the idiot who does not know how to treat a lady with respect."

"Respect," echoed Totol, with supreme contempt. "My good George, that's exactly where you make such a mistake. We have not time, we moderns, men or women, to bother our heads about respect. These are motor-car days, my poor innocent! A pretty object," he chuckled, "I should look if I were to go in for respect! My faith, they'd laugh in my face! No, no, believe me, if you want to flirt in your manner, to play the comedy over the gift of a rose and all that, look out for one of your own style. Don't fix upon that little red-mouthed witch yonder; for she's modern, I tell you, modern down to the edge of her little pink nails. As up-to-date as I am."

Feeling that the force of asseveration could go no further, Totol paused and smiled.

Mr. Dodd grew a little rigid about the lips, a little pale about the nostrils.

"Indeed?" he said sarcastically. Had he been told he was in a boiling rage, he would sternly have denied the fact.

"I speak of mademoiselle as a woman, you may have observed," Totol resumed, more and more charmed with his dialectic. "I abhor young girls, I loathe young girls. They revolt me. That little one may seem to you a young girl: that's all you know about it. It's a mere accident of circumstances. In reality she's a woman, modern woman, and that's why we understand each other. He, he! Didn't I get my rose? Boned one out of her basket! Eh! Took a red one first. And says she: 'This one is prettier, monsieur,' and holds me out the pink one. Ah, the little motor-car! No time to stop for phrases. Do you think she'd ever take on with a good old slowcoach like you? The little spick-and-span machine! On with you! On with you! Whizz! B-r-r-r! so long as it's amusing! That's the way with her. As for the great passion? 'Oh zut! Apply elsewhere. Ta-ta!' Allons. J'ai dit. Digest all this, and may it profit you, young man!"

Here the Marquis made a dive for his straw hat, which in the previous scuffle

had rolled close to the hedge. Beating it against his elbow, he nodded two or three times good-naturedly at his brother and began to take his jerky way toward the house.

"Well, of all the confounded little grasshoppers!" ejaculated George Dodd, as, with a kick, the last flash of patent-leather shoe disappeared round the clipped bushes.

"What can have kept me from just nipping him in two to put a stop to his infernal chirp, I wonder? Funny thing now, she should have given him that rose!" When it came to analysis, that seemed to be the one seriously annoying incident of the morning. "I suppose," further reflected the lover, with the natural effort to restore the equilibrium of hope, "she's like me. She doesn't think such a goggle-eyed shrimp of much account. Well, I'll have it out with her this afternoon, anyway."

XXIV.

Helen's naturally healthy mind had not yet had time to shake off the unwonted morbid foreboding left by the doctor's words, when Monsieur Favereau walked into the room. Accustomed as he was to Helen's welcome, never had he seen joy flash more unmistakably into her face at sight of him. Yet it was the joy of hope, of relief; and Favereau's anxious heart contracted. He had noted her pensive attitude as he came in, nor did his quick eye fail to read something upon Helen's face, all smilingly as it was now turned to him, that had never been there before: a look of trouble. So, the shadow of the unnamable horror had fallen upon her already!

Her greeting confirmed his surmises. They clasped hands.

"My dear Favereau," she cried, "I have never wanted you more!"

"Oh," said he, "that odious Exhibition! I have been chained like a dog to it! But is anything wrong—Cluny?"

Conscious that he spoke in tones which betrayed his previous anxiety, he endeavored to cover his flurry by a laugh. She, in her unobservant way, perceived nothing unusual.

"Ah, you always make fun of me for my anxiety about Cluny!" she said earnestly.

"I am afraid I shall always be as bad as a mother over her first baby." She smiled with the wistful look that any reference to her disappointed motherhood always brought into her eyes. "You will laugh at me now, of course."

"Oh, no doubt," said Favereau, entering with some success into the rôle she assigned to him. "Go on, my dear. What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened," said Helen. She hesitated, tried to smile still, though her lips quivered. To formulate her trouble seemed somehow to lend it reality. "I don't think Cluny is like himself since you left us. He looks ill, though Lebel says he is not ill really." Then she added with an effort, the pain of which was written in her face, "Favereau, Lebel thinks that something has got on Cluny's nerves."

She had laid her hand, in her earnestness, upon her old friend's breast. He knew by the way she gently beat it that there were tears rising which she would not allow to flow. The corners of her mouth drooped. He remembered that action and that piteous look from the days of her childhood.

"My God!" he thought, his mind reverting ever to the central emotion of his life, "would it not have been better if she had never known such love as this! Humanity is too frail for it. Alas!" he groaned in his heart, "what would it be if she knew!"

He laid his hand protectingly over hers: "Nerves, my dear, are not a specialty of your sex. A poor man may have his nerves too; and it's astonishing how much disturbance a seemingly very small thing will cause if it happens to get 'on them.'"

The voice and touch seemed instantly to reduce Helen's troubles to mere shadows.

"Why, that's very much what the doctor says!" she exclaimed with renewed brightness. "What a wise old thing you are! But what can it be, I wonder, that Cluny would not tell me?"

Favereau drew all his beard into one hand and twisted it.

"I wonder," said he.

"Oh, Favereau, think, think, help me! It is most important. You know we must remove it, whatever it be, at once."

Favereau sat down, clasped his hands

loosely between his knees and reflected—reflected as deeply as ever he had done in his life. Then he made up his mind.

"Well," said he—"this is the merest supposition, of course—but don't you think that you make life a little hard for Cluny?"

"Favereau!"

"A man who loves his wife," pursued he, unmoved, "occasionally appreciates being quite alone with her. For some reason or another—very excellent reasons no doubt—you never seem to give Edward that treat."

She was struck to the heart, struck with a keen remorse, at the same time with a keener joy. "*Take him away, by himself, you two alone.*" The doctor had guessed it too! And did Cluny love her still so foolishly, so sweetly? She could not speak. She shot an eager look at Favereau and then cast her eyes down; and the lovely crimson of her woman's blush dyed her face, while the old radiant aureole seemed to leap back to crown her.

The man cast down his eyes too, for very shame of his own diplomacy in presence of this single-mindedness.

After a short pause he resumed doggedly: "What I mean, Helen, is this: between convalescent artists, delicate priests, aunts and cousins American and otherwise, unhappily married school-companions, not to speak of certain prosy old individuals like myself, Edward has very seldom been allowed to have you to himself at any time. And now"—he raised his eyes and looked at her steadily while he spoke with deliberate emphasis—"there seems to be very little prospect of his ever being able to do so in the future . . . at least, so long as you have this adopted daughter about you."

"What was it," thought Helen, "that the doctor had said: '*Above all, no adopted daughters!*'?"

"Stop!" cried Helen, aloud, putting out her hand. "Yes, yes, you are right; you are both right. How was it I could have been so blind? Yes, I felt there was something, something between us, and it was—the child! My poor love! He never said one word to me against the project. But from the moment of her arrival he avoided her. Oh, I understand now! I thought it strange that he should never

address her voluntarily, never change his cold, ceremonious manner toward her."

She paused, and it was evident that she could spare no thought to the complication yet. Her mind was luxuriating in the exquisiteness of her discovery. Her lips parted into a smile, half motherly, half bride-like.

"My Cluny!" she murmured, half to herself. "And so he is jealous!"

After a while Favereau spoke again. "Cluny," he said, "is not above all the weaknesses of mankind, Helen."

His voice rang with a sort of warning sadness which, far as it was from being directed against her, brought Helen very swiftly back to a sense of her own shortcoming.

"I have done wrong," she exclaimed. "How could I have let anything come between me and Cluny!" A second after, however, she cried again, unconsciously drawn back to the sweetness of the thought: "Jealous! My poor darling jealous! I must go to him."

Favereau caught her gently by the arm as she turned impulsively to leave the room.

"My dear child," said he, anxiously, "what do you mean to do?"

She opened her mouth to speak, then hesitated.

"Edward is a man," Favereau went on, "as you know better than I, of curious fastidiousness of mind. If you let him think we have all been discussing his low spirits—"

Helen flushed, this time painfully. "I do nothing but stupid things," she said. "Help me, Favereau. Lebel wants me to go right away with Cluny, just we two. What say you?"

Favereau's whole countenance became illumined. "Capital!" he cried. "Nothing could be better."

"So the doctor knows," he thought. "Well, I am glad, I think. I would gladly have his advice."

XXV.

Madame de Lormes opened the door and stood for a moment looking sternly down the length of the room, dim to her eyes after the brightness of the terrace.

Catching sight of the two figures by the

window, she bore down upon them like a ship in full sail, blown upon the wind of her indignation, her silk skirts ballooning as she came.

"Helen," she exclaimed, with the barest acknowledgment of Favereau's salute, "where is Anatole? I insist upon knowing where Anatole is?"

"My dear aunt," said Helen, with a hesitation not unmixed with some amusement, "I really cannot say. I thought he went to the garden."

"To the garden!" echoed the Marquise, in her gravest bassoon note. "Alone, Helen?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"I have looked for him from my windows, from the corridor windows, from the balcony and from the terrace," recited the anxious mother, her voice rising a little into plaintiveness, only to fall again into tragedy. "It was in vain. His bicycle is in the hall. And the motor, I ascertained, is in the coach-house. Anatole never walks, and never rides. Ah!"—she looked out of the window—"what do I see?"

Her fat fingers trembled as she raised her eye-glass.

Had the good lady stood on that point of vantage but a few moments before, she would have beheld the edifying spectacle of the present representative of the house of Lormes, *chef du nom et des armes* as aforesaid, performing unusual and obligatory gymnastic exercise over boxwood hedges.

"That girl!" said Madame de Lormes in her voice of doom, as she caught sight of Joy's white hat.

"But not," said Favereau in mockingly soothing tones, "not with the Marquis. Be tranquilized, madame. That is only Lieutenant Dodd."

Madame de Lormes drew a quick breath of relief and dropped her eye-glass. But almost immediately she raised it again and scrutinized the unconscious pair below with renewed severity. Then she turned upon her niece.

"I hope you realize what you are doing, Helen," she said, "in throwing my sons, one after the other, into the company of that vulgar, intriguing school-girl."

She turned and swept out of the room, unheeding Helen's indignant protest.

Favereau looked philosophically after the floating violet silks.

"There goes another," he remarked, "who does not share your enthusiasm for mademoiselle."

Helen laughed a little angrily. "Poor aunt!" she said. "Who would think what a good heart she hides under all these absurd prejudices?" Her eyes wandered back to the rose-garden. Presently her face lit up once more. "And yet," she said, "yonder is the probable solution of the whole problem. Look down upon them, old friend. It is a pretty sight."

At that moment, in his disturbed paradise below, George Dodd was pleading for a rose. Favereau, as he was bid, gazed earnestly upon the two for a second; then instinctively both he and Helen withdrew. Eagerly smiling, she sought his sympathy and approval. But the man was too deeply engaged in examining the idea to be able to pronounce upon it.

"Do you really mean——" he began at last, blankly.

Helen nodded. "I have seen it coming," she said, "from the very first day; and I did not like it at all, as you may guess. But now, oh, I don't know! I suppose I ought to be glad, after what you all tell me. I am afraid," she added after a pause, "that my aunt will be furious. But all things considered, my adopted daughter need be no bad match for any one."

Favereau was still lost in conflict with the thought.

"What a solution!" he was saying to himself. "And to think I too saw it coming that first day! Yet, so long as it saves Helen—so long as it saves her!"

XXVI.

It was not till after luncheon that Favereau was able to see Cluny by himself. But during the meal he had sufficient opportunity to study the alteration in his friend's appearance—to mark unmistakable symptoms of severe nervous tension in his alternations of feverish, voluble gaiety and fits of abstraction.

No sooner were they alone than the Duke, with his back to the door and a single despairing gesture of both hands, burst forth in a sort of fury:

"You might have come sooner. How could you leave me alone in this hell—in this hell! So long! A whole week!"

The gesture and the tone were so unlike all he had ever seen of the man that Favereau, with a new terror at his heart, caught the poor outflung, ice-cold wrists in his warm grasp and scrutinized the pallid face, aged, it seemed at that moment, by as many years as there were days since they had last met. But the eyes that returned his look were sane enough—too sane, perhaps, indeed, in their depth of misery. Whatever he still nourished of resentment, of contempt, against Helen's husband, vanished then forever from the elder man's mind, to be replaced by pity, by something almost akin to respect. He had never given Cluny credit for such depth of feeling. This remorse was almost great enough to balance the sin.

Still maintaining his hold, he led the Duke to his usual chair and impelled him into it. Then he took a seat himself beside him and said, with deep sympathy:

"Are things then so bad?"

The quiet of his companion's manner, the knowledge of his strength, the relief of being able here at last to throw off the strain of his horrible rôle, went a long way toward restoring Cluny's self-control. It was calmly enough, therefore, if hopelessly, that he answered:

"Bad? It is unendurable!" Then, his voice swelling like a tragic organ-note: "My fair home," he went on, "has been turned into a hell, horrible beyond the power of description. And I made it myself!"

"Alas!" said Favereau, with sad philosophy, "that is the very essence of hell. In the most appalling catastrophe that can be conceived, there would always be one touch wanting to its complete hideousness if we had not brought it upon ourselves. That is the touch that makes—hell."

Cluny gave a sigh that only utter weariness prevented from being a groan. And Favereau, with a rapid change of manner, laid his hand again on his arm and said in a tone of benevolent practicality:

"Well, well, my poor boy, now tell me all about it; and let us see what can be done."

A piteous light of hope gleamed again in Cluny's eyes. He was glad, too, to ease his heart of its accumulated burden to the one being on earth who knew him as he was.

"Believe me," he began, "others have never yet seen me like this. I never failed for a second upon the road I elected to take. Ah, Favereau!"—he interrupted himself with a ghost of his old boyish way—"you were right, as usual; I chose the bad road."

"I right?" cried Favereau, stung with sudden remorse. "Man, it was I pushed you into it by both shoulders. And I am not sure," said he, after a moment's self-examination, "that I would not do it again. It does not tally with any theory of ethics, but so long as Helen is safeguarded, upon my soul, Edward, I would be ready to commit a crime."

The fellow-sinner, from his much deeper slough of culpability, could not but feel the immoral human comfort of this.

He pressed his friend's hand with fingers to which some natural warmth was returning.

"Helen," he cried, "God bless her! Her confidence is the most lovely thing and the most heartrending. Thank God, she is as far from suspecting the truth to-day as she was a week ago. But"—here the heavy mantle of depression began to fold itself afresh around him—"she knows me too well not to feel, not to have felt from the first, that there is something upon me—something between us. Oh, that is the worst of all: there is something between my wife and me! Her sweet eyes are always asking: 'What is it? What is it?' I could bear the rest, Favereau," cried he, rising from his chair under the goad of his trouble. "Yet the torture that girl inflicts upon me, the way she holds the sword above my head as if by a thread of her flaxen hair from the edge of her little finger . . . it's enough to make a madman—a madman or a murderer!"

He stopped his restless moving to look at his friend; and the back of the high chair upon which he had clenched his hands trembled and creaked. Favereau saw that indeed he had reached the very limit of endurance.

"Come, Edward," he exclaimed, in his

old mentor manner, "this is morbid! At any rate, be brave for but a little longer, and I promise you that deliverance will come."

He would have given a great deal to have been able to make some more definite assurance. But, while he hoped much from the result of his recent hints to Helen, the whole matter was so complicated and so critical that, like the physicist dealing with saturated solutions or unstable compounds, he felt that now the only chance of warding off the irrevocable crystallization or the fatal explosion lay in avoiding the slightest shock, the most delicate intrusion.

Meanwhile, Cluny's voice went on in hoarse complaint:

"There is not a corner in my house where I feel safe from her; not a moment of the day, unless I place miles between myself and my home, but I feel the shadow of her presence upon me. In company I cannot raise my eyes but I find that look, with its terrible meanings, its claim of complicity, fixed upon my face. When she holds out her hand to me, night and morning, her very touch carries an illicit message. Ah, my God! Here, in my wife's house, in our house, our home!"

With a sudden flash Favereau understood. It was the wound to his honor, it was the frightful, vulgar treachery of the situation, the violation, unwilling though it was, of his wife's hearth, that was killing this man who had hitherto played with love and life so heedlessly. He remembered a story he had once read of a woman who was slowly tortured to death by the consciousness of a secret stain on her purity. And as he looked at his friend's face he questioned within himself whether, even if after all their plans were to succeed, Helen's happiness (bound up as it was in her husband's existence) were not in any case already marked by death.

After an oppressive pause, Cluny arose and, passing his hand across his forehead to brush away the gathered drops of anguish, began that restless pacing with which his associates of the last few days had already become but too familiar.

"That's when I am in company," he pursued, as if there had been no pause in his speech. "Alone"—he halted beside Favereau's chair and struck the back of it

with his hand—"I tell you, Favereau, I am afraid to be alone; I never know when I shall find her at my elbow."

"But," said the elder man, "she has not spoken, has she? She has not dared to return to the subject?"

"No," answered Cluny, "no." His pale lips smiled in the despair which has passed beyond sorrow. "It is worse than if she spoke. Her silence claims me."

Again came a pause, heavy with the weight of the issueless dilemma. Once or twice Favereau opened his lips to speak; but then the knowledge of all words' futility withered them upon his mouth. At last he too sprang to his feet, and resolutely he endeavored to shake off the paralysis of the encompassing misery.

"Come," he cried, "courage, courage! It is only for a little while longer. You will be rid of her."

Cluny turned upon his friend a countenance startling in its pallor, and laid his cold hand upon his wrist.

"Aye," he said, "but how? Look here," he went on, almost in a whisper, "I told you just now that the worst had come upon me. It was wrong: there is worse still to come. My happiness is gone, Helen's is going. God help us! My peace of mind is gone, my self-respect, my rest, all that makes life worth having, gone! And now, oh, Favereau, now, honor is going!"

"You mean——"

"I mean that Helen's cousin has set his heart upon Joy. That simple-minded, honest, honorable fellow; and I—I, his kinsman, his host in a foreign land—what am I to do?"

Favereau drew a long breath. He had thought to have looked the ugly situation so closely in the face already as to be unappalled by any of its aspects. But now he, too, hesitated and shrank. Yet it was only for a second. Stronger for good as he had been all his life than his friend, it now seemed as if he were the stronger for evil. He thought of Helen.

"Let honor go," he said harshly.

With a fierce satisfaction, this fiat once pronounced, he felt that indeed the matter had passed beyond the possibility of recall. They were as men caught in the cogwheels of a relentless machinery; they had them-

selves set it in motion, they were powerless to arrest it now. To be honorable toward George Dodd, to try and save him, would be to commit the unforgivable baseness of again betraying the first victim. There was nothing for it but to set their teeth and bear the tearing of the wheels in silence.

As he stood, his eyes on the ground, lost in his dark thoughts, he was roused by the nervous start of the Duke, whose hand was still on his arm. Following the direction of his friend's eyes, he looked out through the high-mullioned window and perceived, outlined in white against the green of yew hedges, the silhouette of a fair head, a delicate profile, a little throat—so pretty a picture, so piteously horrible to them both! After a second's breathless waiting Cluny drew back into the shadow of the room, just as the head outside turned upon the slender neck and looked deliberately in.

Meeting Favereau's stern eyes, with a movement half anger, half fear, like a beautiful little snake disturbed in her basking in the sun, Joy glided away. And, stirred to an unwonted heat of passion, Favereau shot out a long arm and pulled down the blinds.

Then he turned to Cluny. In the sudden dimness of the room the two looked at each other: there was no need of words.

"Before heaven," cried Favereau, "I believe the expiation must be nearly complete!"

XXVII.

The girl Joy sat upon the old weather-worn marble bench in the deep green recess cut out of the living hedge of laurel. Supporting her chin upon her clasped hands, her elbows resting on her knees, immobile, she brooded like a small white sphinx, gazing from within the shadow across the broad stripe of sunlit walk, across the slope of green and the flaming geranium beds, to that deeply embrasured window where a blind had been drawn down.

Behind her, in a niche cut for itself also out of the green wall, rose a slender pedestal whereon sat, in marble, a faun, cross-legged. Between his hairy goat's knees hung one careless hand, just hold-

ing the pipes. The long-dead creator of that smiling carved face had contrived to throw into its young man's features, under the budding horns, an extraordinary expression of all-time mockery. This creature, with the wisdom of the gods and the passions of the animal, grinned out upon the world in eternal cynicism. Who knew as well as he that man walks with the beasts, and that even from the very seat of an intellect that aspired to commune with the gods there grow the horns of earthliness?

As the light breeze threw dancing shadows across his face, his smiling marble lips seemed to be twisted into laughter, the opaque eyes to flicker in "scorn and pity and awful eternal knowledge" of the folly of all things in this fleeting show of life. "Pipe while ye may, poor human children! Take what ye can, the roses pass and youth is but a day: dance while ye can to my piping!" He had expounded his pagan allegory for more than two hundred years to the lives that fretted their little span away beneath his shadow. And some had taken his advice and some had not; but all alike, through sunshine or through snow, had been in the end carried past him downhill on the self-same path to the churchyard below. And he smiled on!

To-day, beneath him under the trembling shadows of the leaves, sat one who, had she breathed in the good old days when gods still walked the earth, when man's passion was his only law, woman's beauty her acknowledged power, a moment's joy the gift of the immortals, might well have danced with this faun in forest glades and found sufficient wisdom in his piping call.

Here sat she, unhappy! Why should she be unhappy, she that was young, and strong, and beautiful?

"Perfectly absurd," said the faun. "Had she not as much right to love as any other? And if she loved one man, had she not a right to his love as well as any other who loved him too? That was only common sense," assured the stone lips.

And that other, she had had her day. She was growing old. Joy had counted three silver hairs on her temples that very morning. The old must make room for the young.

The wing of the breeze beat a branch of the cypress-tree; a quick shade swept across the faun's face, and his mouth writhed in a silent convulsion of laughter.

"Nature's law, my dear!" he chuckled.

"World's law—the only law."

This morning Joy had been so hopeful. The spring-like beauty of the autumn day had got into her young veins. The sunshine had been bright, the grass green, the scent of the roses endlessly sweet. It seemed part of the very design of the world that she should be happy again as she once had been.

Down in the rose-garden she had tested her powers on two men: a strong one and a weak one. And she knew that she could fool them both if she chose. And he, he had loved her, he loved her still! Why, then, should they not love?

"My very tune," said the faun; "I have set my pipe to the world's desire."

Cluny's hand trembled when it touched hers. He grew pale when he looked at her. Why should he avoid her, but that he too was haunted as she was? Why did he not go away? Aye, why not send her away, if he did not love her? Love her!

The little pagan flushed from paleness into deep rose-red and shook from head to foot as she thought of the love that was in her.

The faun nodded at her: "Love!" That was the sort of love he could tell of. The loves of men and maids, of mortals and gods, love that recked of nothing but its own glory, that made such joys, such hates, such deaths, that they were still sung of, and would still be sung of when even the last atom of his stone should have crumbled to the shapeless dust.

But Cluny had pulled down the blind. It had been done angrily, as if to shut her out. It had been pulled down relentlessly. It had seemed to shut out all the sunshine that had been flooding into her heart—to silence all the hope. What bird can sing in a darkened room! She had once seen them thus pull down the blind of a room where lay a corpse, and everything had grown so dark, so black! Her heart shuddered with a great fear. Oh, no, their love was not dead! It was young, strong; she had only just begun to love. She had so much to give!

Joy sprang to her feet, and turned in the fury and agony of her passion upon the faun.

"God cannot be so cruel," she cried; "we must be happy again!"

She flung out her hands. But the faun was cold and hard. His smile was meaningless. He was a mere lump of stone. The faun knew nothing about God.

XXVIII.

He sought her with dogged patience, set in his purpose. "I'll be hanged if I stand another day of it," he said.

As to most of those who have not frittered away their energies for love in myriad different channels of indifferent depths, the master-passion had come to George Dodd as an overwhelming tide. There was every reason why the hard, practical man in him should hesitate before the idea of such a union. He had often said: "What has a sailor to do with a wife? His bride is the sea!" With that longing for a home of his own implanted in every wholesome nature, he had hitherto deliberately sacrificed such joys to his ambition; none knew better from observation than he what a clog a wife and little ones are to the feet of one who would advance rapidly in his profession. Moreover, he had, in an intensified degree, the national love of freedom. Early cast upon his own resources, he had been all his life accustomed to judge and act from the personal point of view. "I must have elbow-room," had been a favorite expression of his. And, striking for fame and fortune, he had done so hitherto with a feeling of absolute independence. To his mind the thought in danger, "If I fall, no one is the worse for it," amply compensated for the fact that in victory no one would be the more joyful for it.

The manner, moreover, in which he had been cast among strangers from his childhood by his mother's foreign marriage, had early given him a violent prejudice against mixed alliances. "Americans should marry Americans; the country is big enough for choice, and as a race we are good enough for one another. That is so." This had been another of his hard-and-fast rules for the guidance of self and others. But now—well, he had already experienced the

"accidents of war" before which no previous theory can stand, when an elemental spirit of fight or an inborn flash of genius alone can retrieve the situation. To-day he was confronted by the "accident of love," and he realized that before this elemental human passion no built-up wall of cool resolve, no well-laid-out scheme of life, can stand. Under the pulse of his enkindled blood he saw but one course before him: to carry this heart's desire at whatever cost. And he as little thought of pause, of possible failure, of future disability, as does the soldier in his rush to triumph or annihilation.

Well might the stone faun grin, year in, year out, from over his crossed goat-legs, upon this old, old world: so self-complacently enlightened, so theoretically advanced, so esthetically civilized—so elementally the same!

Among the many tools of which the ambitious sailor had made use for the fashioning of his career was the study of languages, for which reason indeed he had now been specially selected for his present mission. And characteristically enough, having kept himself sternly aloof from all personal acquaintance with the sordid passions of life, he had a secret romantic love of poetry.

As, in reward of his peregrinations, he at length caught a glimpse of a white figure in the green recess at the end of the terrace, a line of Heine which he remembered to have haunted him—oddly enough with its sheer music of words—one full, purple, solitary night on tropical seas, as he tramped his deck till dawn, now sprang again to his mind with a sudden intimate meaning:

"Die Kleine, die Reine, die Feine, die Eine, die Eine!"

If ever a poet out of his own heart sang the love of another man, surely the Jew had sung the sailor's wonderful love: *Little*—just as high as his heart—child to him at once and woman! *Dainty*? Why, there was no word in his own tongue to express this perfection of daintiness, save, indeed, now the one word: *Joy*. *Pure*! His heart contracted with a feeling that was almost pain at the thought of his beloved's exquisite purity, an attribute so

divine in woman, so personal it seemed to herself, so immeasurably above his rough man's nature, that even to dare ponder upon it became a sort of desecration. The pure, and last of all—oh, wonderful sickly poet to have thus cried the cry of the strong lover's soul!—the *one*, the *only one*!

Had she seen him coming? She showed no surprise; showed neither pleasure nor the reverse; merely shifted her attitude a little, as he took a seat beside her, and turned a face supported on the palm of her hand sufficiently in his direction to bring him under the glance of her eyes. These curious eyes of hers were so nearly hidden under the drooping lids that all he could see of them between the thick lashes was a long liquid gleam. It was only afterward that these details came back to his mind. Then he only knew, by the thick beating of his heart and the stress of his emotion, that he, the man, was at the mercy of this little crouching wisp of a creature that he could have caught up in his arms and run away with, laughing.

"Miss Joy," he began, after a pause as long as a century to him, "I have been looking for you this hour."

The dark stars of her pupils slid away from their cool contemplation of his face to seek once more the window where the blind was pulled down.

George Dodd drew a long breath. He did not waver in his determination; but the preliminaries seemed to him diabolically difficult. Clutching the ledge of the bench with both hands, he began afresh:

"You weren't hiding from me, were you?"

The girl's eyes went back to him. The long lashes were lifted a little. The childish mouth parted.

"Hiding?" she repeated, composed to the verge of impertinence.

"You are not afraid of me?" he asked, incoherently tender.

Joy's short white teeth flashed for a second. Then, reflectively and slowly, as if weighing the truth of her own words, she said:

"I don't think I know what it is to be afraid. Have I ever been afraid of any one? I do not think so."

No sooner were the words spoken than

the memory of one—a horrid, wise-eyed, gray-bearded old man—whose look she could not meet, whose very presence seemed to paralyze her, struck chill upon her heart. She shivered. The man beside her saw the sudden alteration of her features, felt her tremble; his passion leaped out, goaded by tenderness.

"Yes, you are frightened! Good God, afraid of me! Look at me: I am a rough, strong fellow, yet it is I who am frightened. Ah, you don't know what a man feels before such a being as you! My dear, I can't make pretty speeches. I—I—Joy, I love you!"

He held out his great brown hand, and indeed it shook.

Joy's eyes now rested upon it. His words echoed idly enough in her ears. The tempestuous circling of her thoughts round a single central, towering idea, caught them, tossed them, as the waters of the whirlpool catch and toss straws and broken twigs, only to cast them finally away.

"Love. Love? Love? What could this one know of the love I know? Oh, what ugly, coarse hands! The nails have been broken, the veins stand out like cords. My lover's hands are the hands of a king. When he laid his hand upon my cheek, his touch was like music. I kissed his hand, then he let it lie in mine. He has such long fingers, and they taper. The nails are like almonds. I remember how I looked at his palm and then I kissed it. My prince! And did he think I should not know it again? Ah, but I kissed it again!"

"I love you," repeated Dodd, drawing nearer to her. He saw that her whiteness had become colored as from an inner crimson flame; and he took heart of grace, stretched out his arm to enfold her, but then paused tremulously on the brink of bliss for chivalrous awe of her delicate maidenliness. "Do you love me? Do you love me?" he cried, varying his note unconsciously.

It was as if the crimson flame flickered and died out. The dark eyes in the pale face looked at him full; but they were now as if veiled, and told him nothing of the soul within. Nevertheless he could not but feel her detachment, and for the first

time an icy doubt of success gripped him.

"Speak, answer me," he pleaded.

"At least tell me if I may hope."

After a wait, as though the cry had taken some time to reach her in the midst of her own thoughts, Joy said, with a sort of deliberate impatience:

"What is it you want of me? What can I say?"

"I want you for my wife," said the other, with his square simplicity. "I want you to say you love me."

All at once there shot a light into her veiled eyes, a new flame so eager that, quick, the long lids must droop to hide it. Her slight frame swayed under the pulse of a new hope.

He (there was only one being beside herself in her world: the rest were shadows)—he should be made to pull up that blind! Ah, there were things no love could bear! Did she not know it? She had learned many things this last month: she had learned the strength of love's endurance; she had learned its limits. He might be silent so long as he knew her there, safe, his own if he chose. But now she would make him speak, if it was only a word that he and she alone could understand.

"I may hope then," he cried, joyfully, as he marked how she thrilled and flushed and wavered.

She replied dreamily, "I don't know." He caught her hand. "That means——" he exclaimed joyfully. There seemed now but the breadth of a second, but a span of space, between him and those pure, fresh lips, yet the next instant found him alone upon the bench.

She had disengaged herself as quickly as a bird. He dared not close his great grasp upon her, and she was free. A pace away from him she stood, smiling and dimpling.

"Ask the Duke," she said.

It was very sweet. She was adorable. But he wanted his kiss—that kiss he had dreamed of day and night since that first evening; he wanted it more madly than he had ever wanted anything. But as he sprang to claim it, once again, in some indefinable way, she held him back.

"Ask the Duke," said she again, slowly.

He gazed after her; did not attempt to follow her as she moved away with deliberate steps, passing in and out of shadows and sunshine, and finally standing for a second to look back at him once again, an airy white silhouette against a patch of blue sky. Then she was gone.

Dodd stood and stared. He felt baffled, puzzled. But man, born out of mystery, surrounded by mystery, going to mystery, is ever most allured and drawn by mystery. Moreover, from all time, the desire is greater than any possible realization. This attraction for the unknown, for the elusive ideal, seems a law of our human life leading the seeker to revelation or perdition. All creative arts, all music, all poetry or science, all glory of love, all in fine that is beautiful and high, comes to us in and through this striving, and that is *revelation*. The *perdition* comes when the ideal has flown: when the mystery is solved or believed to be solved.

George Dodd now was ten times more enamored, ten times more set on his purpose, than he had been an hour ago; and indeed he was far enough from the solution of his mystery.

"I take it," he said to himself at last, after reviewing as well as his troubled thoughts would allow him the few words he had been vouchsafed, "I take it it's the French custom. Silly sort of custom I call it—silly as all the rest. . . . The little fay! 'Ask the Duke,' she said. But she stopped. Aye, she stopped twice and looked back! George Dodd, I believe you've been a fool. You could have had that kiss."

He fell back upon the bench again and into a passionate reverie. Over his head the faun smiled on, with young lips and old eyes.

"Great heaven!" cried the sailor suddenly, and sprang to his feet. "What am I doing here? Love does make a pretty kind of fool of a man. Well, I'll go and ask the Duke—and then——" His strong, clean-cut lips broke into a smile.

What a rare tune the faun could have piped!

(To be continued.)

WHEN WILL THE WORLD BE FULL?

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

Illustrated by the author.

THE last year of the nineteenth century and the first year of the twentieth century are those in which the inhabitants of the earth are again counted by some of the chief nations of the world.

The twelfth decennial census of the United States was compiled in 1900; the eleventh British census is being made in 1901, which is also the year for the next census of France; the Germans and Austrians were counted again in 1900; Italy's census-year is 1901; the next census-year for Russia is not fixed.

It is interesting to glance at the progress of population which has been made during the nineteenth century by the various nations of the world: to see which are the nations that are keeping up a good supply of human energy and which those are that are falling behind in the motive-power that runs a nation. It is also of interest to use past experience of population-growth in the whole world as a basis for making a forecast as to the time when the earth will be so densely populated as to bring about conditions akin to those that cause a crowded theater to display the legend, "Standing-Room Only." During the nineteenth century, several estimates have been made of the world's population by reliable statisticians, who have based their estimates upon census results and upon less formal enumerations of nations. From these I quote the following:—

YEAR	Population of the World AUTHORITY	NUMBER OF PERSONS
1810	Almanach de Gotha	682 millions
1828	Balbi	847 "
1845	Michelot	1,009 "
1874	Behm-Wagner	1,391 "
1886	Levasseur	1,483 "

We obtain a clearer idea of the increase expressed by these figures by looking at Diagram No. 1 than we can obtain from inspection of the figures themselves, which are beyond the limits within which type-

expressed numbers convey a definite meaning to the mind.

The heights of the black columns in No. 1 suggest very plainly the great increase in the world's population that has occurred from 1810 to 1886. The big jump in population from the year 1845 to the year 1874, which is so noticeable in Diagram No. 1, is due to the fact that an interval of twenty-nine years is covered by this increase in the world's population: an interval that is very considerably longer than any of the other intervals of time which separate the other dates—these intervals being:—

From 1810 to 1828	18 years
" 1828 to 1845	17 "
" 1845 to 1874	29 "
" 1874 to 1886	12 "

The next step is to find out what has been the rate of increase during these various parts of the nineteenth century, for it is the rate of increase of population that must form the basis for any forecast from the known past into the unknown future—but not necessarily the unknowable future.

I find that these rates of increase in the world's population have been as follows:—

Period	Rate of Increase
During 1810 to 1828	12 per 1,000 per year
" 1828 to 1845	10 " " " "
" 1845 to 1874	11 " " " "
" 1874 to 1886	6 " " " "

Thus, comparing these four periods of the nineteenth century, we see that the quickest growth of the world's population took place during the first period, 1810 to 1828, and that the slowest rate of growth was during the most recent period, viz., 1874 to 1886.

This result is pretty much what one would expect, for there have been plain signs in more than one important section of the world's population that during the latter part of the dying century increase was checked—most notably in the case of

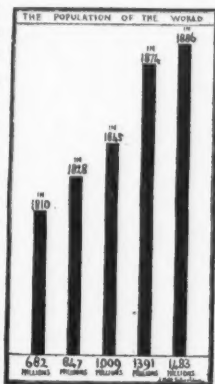


DIAGRAM NO. 1.

France, and with effects fully recognized as injurious to France. But on this score we shall see some interesting results later.

If we ignore the intermediate periods which we have considered, and now turn our attention to the average yearly rate of growth of the world's population from the year 1810 to the year 1886, we find that this growth has been at the rate of just over 10 per 1,000 per year during the whole period.

In order to make absolutely clear the meaning of a population-growth which proceeds at the rate of 10 per 1,000 per year, I may say that this is precisely analogous to the growth of capital invested at compound interest at a rate of 10 per 1,000, or one per cent., per year.

For example, the population of the world in the year 1810 was 682 million persons, and applying to this population our average yearly growth-rate of 10 per 1,000, we find that the population in years later than 1810 was as follows:—

Year	Population of the World
1810.....	682,000,000
1811.....	688,820,000
1812.....	695,708,200
and so on until we reach the year 1886 with a population of 1,483,000,000.	

Thus, we may take as our unit of comparison the fact that the population of the world has increased during the nineteenth century at an average yearly rate of 10 persons per 1,000 of the population. We will now look at the populations of some of the leading nations of the world and see how their respective rates of growth compare with this standard unit of comparison.

Here are the populations in 1800, in 1850 and in 1890, of eight nations:—

	Population in the Year		
	1800 MILLIONS	1850 MILLIONS	1890 MILLIONS
United States.....	5½	23	62½
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.....	15	27½	37½
France.....	27½	36	38½
Germany.....	23	35	49
Austria-Hungary..	25	32	40
Italy.....	17	24	30
Russia.....	35	68	92
Spain.....	10½	14½	17½

The above results are extremely interesting, and they contain a meaning of vital and international importance, which we shall see as we handle these facts. For the purpose of getting these results into a stronger light than printed figures can give to them, I have shaped the facts for 1800 and for 1890 into Diagram No. 2.

A mere glance at this diagram shows very strikingly how enormous has been the growth of population in the United States during the nineteenth century. Holding, in 1800, the very lowest place of all these eight nations in point of population, the United States has leaped up into the prominent position so strongly marked in the second part of Diagram No. 2, and we there see that now only Russia tops the United States in point of population.

How grimly significant are the columns in Diagram No. 2 that relate to the respective populations of the United States and of Spain in 1800 and in 1890!

We shall now see what the rate of growth has been during 1800 to 1850, 1850 to 1890 and 1800 to 1890, in the populations of these eight nations.

I arrange the nations in the order of the quickest population-growth during 1800-1890. These are the facts:—

	Yearly Rate of Growth per 1,000 of Population		
	DURING 1800-50	DURING 1850-90	DURING 1800-90
United States....	39	25	28
Russia.....	14	8	11
United Kingdom..	13	8	10
Germany.....	8	8	8
Italy.....	7	6	7
Austria.....	5	6	6
Spain.....	7	5	6
France.....	6	2	3

Here we see a sufficient explanation of the cause of that towering column in Diagram No. 2 which represents the population of the United States in the year 1890: the population has been increasing during the nineteenth century at an average yearly rate of 28 per 1,000, or, to use my previous analogy, at very nearly three per cent. compound interest per annum—and capital (or population) does increase vastly during ninety years under such accumulative condition of growth. From 5½ millions in 1800 to 62½ millions in 1890 is a world's record, which will probably never

be seen again. Not one of the other nations comes anywhere near to this rate of growth of the United States. Russia is a bad second, with just over a one per cent. rate, and the British rate during 1800-1890 comes third, being exactly one per cent. per year throughout the ninety years, on the average.

All these three nations had a considerably quicker rate of growth during 1800-

1850 than during 1850 to 1890. The preceding statement of the rates of growth shows this feature very plainly.

Germany, fourth in the list, has had an equable and constant rate of growth during the century, of 8 per 1,000 per year—a curious illustration of the characteristic national trait of German stability.

Italy, Austria and Spain, all with slow rates of growth, show but slight variation, either as regards nation and nation or as regards the growth of each nation during the three periods stated.

France is last on our list, with the very low rate of growth of 3 per 1,000 per year during 1800-1890, a rate which is reduced to only 2 per 1,000 per year when we look at the more recent period, 1850-1890.

This is very serious for France. Her European rivals, Germany and the United Kingdom, had during the period 1850-1890 a rate of growth four times as quick as France's poor rate of 2 per 1,000 per year, and if this condition is to continue, France will be left completely behind in the struggle for existence, through sheer

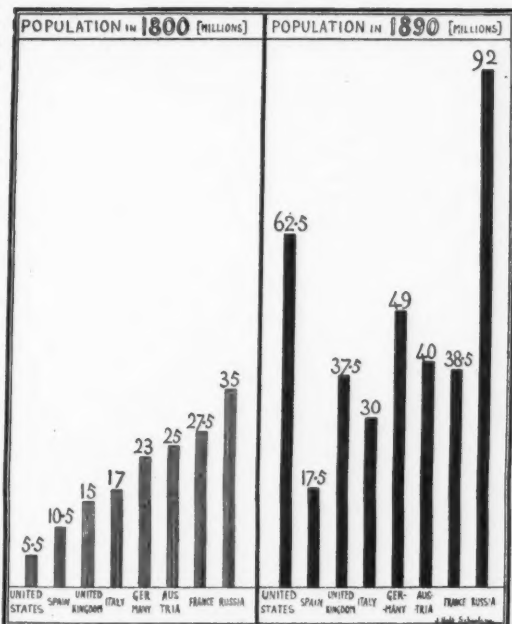


DIAGRAM NO. 2.

sult that comes out of the facts we have been considering—the great supremacy that has been won during the nineteenth century by the Teutonic race over the Latin race. This striking result is shown in the following statement:—

	Population in			
	1800	1830	1860	1890
	MILLIONS	MILLIONS	MILLIONS	MILLIONS
Teutons...	43½	67½	98½	149
Latins...	55	64½	77	86

“Teutons” comprise the population of the United States plus the United Kingdom plus Germany; “Latins” comprise the population of France plus Italy plus Spain.

We see that in the year 1800 these Latin nations had a considerable lead over the Teutons, but before the year 1830 was reached the Teutons had already gained a numerical superiority over the Latins. In 1860, after another thirty years had passed, the lead of the Teutons was still more pronounced, and in 1890 they were ahead of the Latins to the extent of the difference between 149 millions and 86 millions—a lead of 63 millions.

lack of human material to supply her with working energy and to keep up her fighting strength, which even now is overweighing the capacity of France's working-unit, upon which, of course, her fighting-unit is sustained.

Before we leave this part of our subject, which relates to the “filling-up” of individual countries of the world, we will look at a very remarkable re-

The negro population of the United States, of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1890, is more than counterbalanced by the Teuton stock in Australia, Canada and elsewhere, no part of which has been included in the above statement of Teuton populations.

At the century-end, 1900, the population of the United States, United Kingdom and Germany was 171 millions as compared with 90 millions of France, Italy and Spain. In other words, there were 526 of these Latins to every 1,000 of these peoples of Teutonic race.

The Teuton stock, using the term "Teuton" in its broad sense of appertaining to Anglo-Saxon and Germanic peoples, has most wonderfully stamped its mark upon the world during the nineteenth century, and if the virile stability of the Teutonic peoples of the earth be destined to impress the twentieth century in a similar fashion during the process of filling up the earth and the corners thereof, we shall at the end of the twentieth century have a result that may be forecast with approximate accuracy as follows:—

Year	Teutons	Latins	No. of Latins to every 1,000 Teutons
1900	171	90	526
1930	258	105	407
1960	388	122	314
1990	585	141	241
2000	671	149	222

Diagram No. 3 illustrates the extraordinary numerical predominance of the Teutonic over the Latin that will occur in the twentieth century unless very material changes take place in the reproductive forces of these two races. It is probable that many of us now living will witness in the twentieth century a forcible example of nature's great law which inexorably enforces the succumbing of the relatively unfit to the relatively fit. The working of this law is not always to be seen in the case of individual men, for the basis of observation is often not sufficiently extensive, but taking, as we have here, a

century's view of nations, we have found a concrete illustration of this law of the most striking kind, which must impress itself upon everybody who pauses to consider what are those vital and elemental qualities of a nation or of a race that tend to make such nation or race relatively fit or unfit. The past has been with the Latin race, the future is for the Teuton stock, whose modern representatives are the peoples of the United States, the United Kingdom and Germany.

We have seen how the population of the

world has grown, and we have noticed some important changes in the populations of the leading nations of the earth. We will now see how the passing of the nineteenth century has influenced the amount of space that is available for these populations: to what extent the land of the earth is getting filled up.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of filling-up during the nineteenth century has been in the United States. In 1800, the density of the population of the United States was only 15 persons to every 10 square miles of land: $1\frac{1}{2}$ persons to the mile. During the nineteenth century its density has increased from 15 persons to 214 persons on every 10 square miles of land: a density in the year 1900 of over 21 persons to each square mile.

This is a very much quicker rate of filling up the land than has occurred in the world as a whole. In the year 1800 there were 116 persons to every 10 square miles of land in the world, and this has increased during the century to a density of 308 persons, or nearly 31 persons to every square mile of land in the world.

Thus the density of population in the United States is materially less than that of the world as a whole, despite the extraordinary increase in the density of the United States population which has been such a marked feature of the vital statistics of the nineteenth century. There is, as yet, plenty of room in the United States.

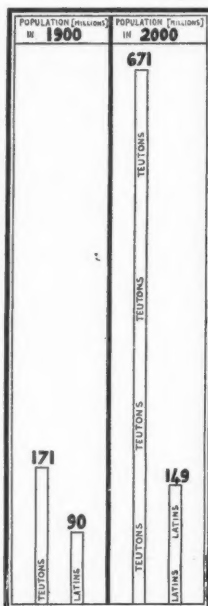


DIAGRAM NO. 3.
LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

We shall now see how some of the other nations have been filling up, and in some instances it will become apparent that this matter of density of population—of the filling-up of the land—is even at the present time much nearer to actuality than can possibly be the case in the United States for a very long term of years.

Ten nations are compared in Diagram No. 4 as regards their degrees of density of population in the year 1900, the number of persons to one square mile of land being in each case the unit of comparison.

Some remarkable differences are displayed by this diagram. There is huge Russia with a scanty population of only 15 persons to the mile, and at the other end of the list comes little Belgium packed with 572 persons to the square mile.

The ten nations here compared come in the following order in point of density of population, the least-populated countries coming first:—

*No. of Persons to One
Square Mile of Land*

1. Russia.....	15
2. United States.....	21
3. China.....	95
4. Spain.....	96
5. France.....	186
6. Germany.....	263
7. Italy.....	289
8. United Kingdom.....	339
9. Holland.....	411
10. Belgium.....	572

The three great countries at the head of this list have plenty of room left for the future expansion of their respective populations. But when we look at the end of the list, we see that the United Kingdom, Holland and Belgium are already showing signs of becoming filled—especially Holland and Belgium. The Dutch, by their indomitable perseverance and engineering skill, have literally pulled their country out of the encroaching sea, and now they have in hand a vast scheme to reclaim I don't know how many square miles from the menacing Zuyder Zee by the titanic process of filling up the sea and so turning the part reclaimed into habitable land. The pressure of population must certainly be felt both in Holland and in Belgium.

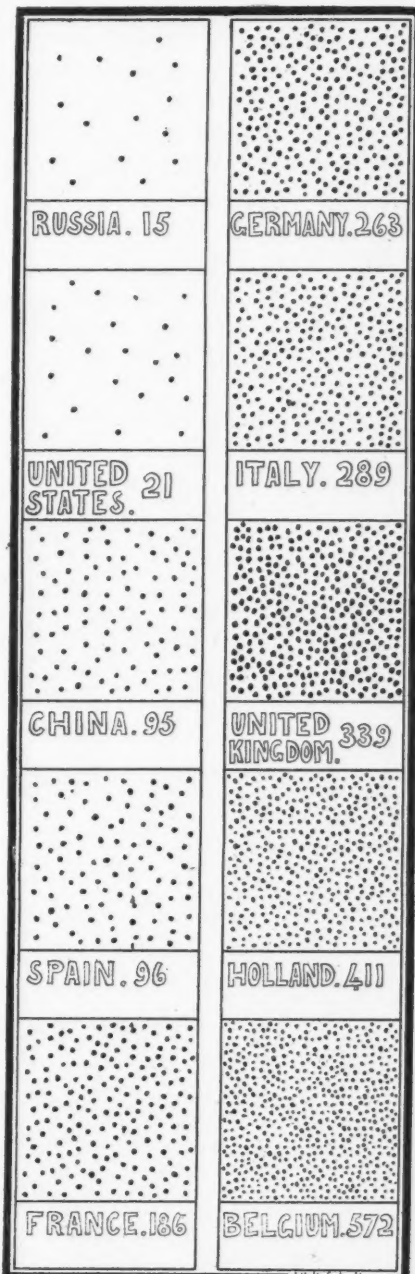


DIAGRAM NO. 4.
THE DENSITY OF POPULATION IN 1900 SHOWN BY
THE NUMBER OF PERSONS TO ONE SQUARE MILE.

We have now to look into the future, and ascertain when the world will be full. I propose to take as equivalent to "full" a population of 1,000 persons to each square mile of land in the world: this is a density of population which is not far short of being twice that of the thickly massed population of Belgium—572 persons to the square mile.

At this rate of 1,000 persons to every square mile of land on the earth, the space for each person would be, on the average, less than two-thirds of an acre apiece, or a square-shaped land-space each side of which measures only $55\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This average land-space for each person living in the world would have to suffice for all purposes: agriculture, mining, roads, houses, parks, railways, factories, et cetera, and thus an average density of world-population that is equal to 1,000 persons per mile of land may be regarded, not inappropriately, as equivalent to the world's being full.

If we apply to the future growth of the world's population the rate of increase that has obtained during the nineteenth century—one person per hundred per year—we obtain the following forecast:—

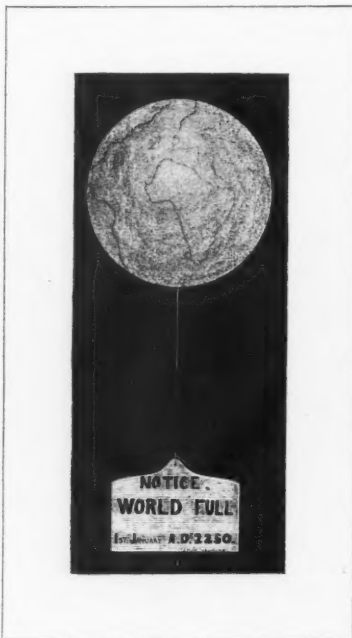
Year	Millions of Persons	No. of Persons to One Square Mile
1900.....	1,600 or	31
2000.....	4,328 or	83
2100.....	11,706 or	225
2200.....	31,662 or	609
2250.....	52,073 or	1,001

As there are 52 millions of square miles of land on the earth, and as we are to consider 1,000 persons to each square mile as the equivalent of the world's being full, it follows that we want a world-population of 52,000 millions of persons to fulfil this condition.

A glance at the above statement of growth in the world's population shows that the necessary growth from 1,600 millions in the year 1900 to the 52,000 millions of persons wanted for our purpose will eventuate in the year 2250, almost three hundred and fifty years ahead of the present time, when, as the illustration suggests, it may be necessary to hang out a notice to the effect that the world is full to the utmost limit.

At the present time, the density of population in the world is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the population of the United States. In the year of 2000, the density of the world-population will

still be considerably under the present density of China or of Spain; in the year of 2100, however, this density will be on the track of Germany's present density of population, and will have passed the present density of France; while in the year 2200, the density of world-population will have gone beyond the present high density of Belgium's population; and in the year of 2250, there will be 1,000 persons to every square mile of land in the earth and the world will be full.



THREE AND ONE-HALF CENTURIES HENCE.



